The SPHERE

Vol. CXX. No. 1571 MAR. 1, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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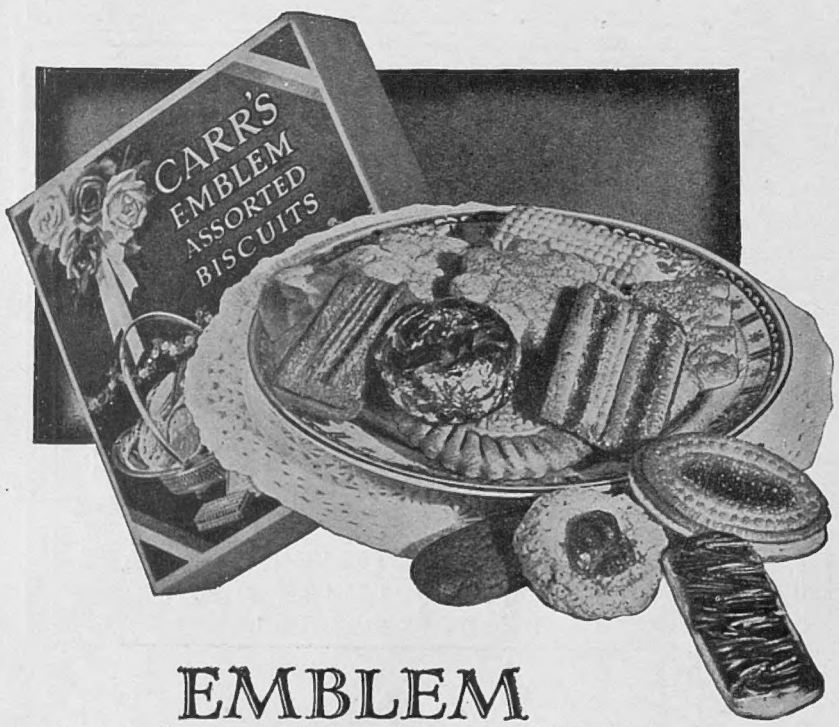

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A GEM OF London's Latest PICTURE SHOW:

"Conversation Pieces" in Park Lane

On Tuesday next at Sir Philip Sassoon's, 25, Park Lane, there will be on exhibition—most of them from private houses—a collection of documentary paintings of the eighteenth century. How well they tell their story can be judged by the entertaining Zoffany picture reproduced above. It shows a group of *cognoscenti* of the period discussing Charles Townley's collection of marbles which afterwards went to the British Museum. Charles Townley is himself seated on the right with his Kamschatka dog and is in conversation with D'Hancarville, who has been turning up some passage in a book, and a little further in the background stands Charles Greville, famous as the lover of Emma Hart, afterwards Lady Hamilton. He is in converse with Sir Thomas Astle. The whole picture is redolent of its eighteenth-century period. Further examples of these Conversation Pieces are reproduced on pp. 344-345.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.
Wednesday, February 26, 1930.

A Comic Argument.—One point in connection with the debate on the Transport Bill—which, like the Rural Amenities Bill, produced a rare burst of interest in the drab and boring environment of the

THE MOST POPULAR PICTURE IN THE ITALIAN EXHIBITION: *Madonna, Child, and St. Anne*, by Leonardo da Vinci. According to the sale of post-card reproductions—a true census of popular taste—this is easily the favourite picture in the Exhibition. It is strange that it should have thus been rediscovered, for it has hung 140 years in the Diploma Gallery of the R.A. The sublimity of da Vinci's technique beggars criticism—and praise

Westminster Gas Chamber—struck me suddenly as highly comic. The Minister based the whole of his argument for abolition of the speed limit on the one point that the existing law of the land had been consistently disobeyed, alike by governors and governed. Therefore it was logical that it should be repealed! This surely is something new in legislative morality. True, for generations every foreigner has observed that the Englishman is a just and law-abiding animal and his own policeman, but it is a step forward for a Minister of the Crown to claim that laws which are not kept are bad laws. More than that, it is a dreadful confession of failure. We all know that the policing of the roads since the War has been lamentably inadequate and impotent, but I, for one, would feel far more certain of the wisdom of abolishing the speed limit if a Minister of Transport had made one poor effort first to co-operate with the Home Secretary in dealing effectively with the chronic law-breaking on the road which has been a disgrace to the country so long. What possible faith can we in the circumstances place in Mr. Morrison's assurance that his "heavier penalties" will be enforced? He and his predecessors utterly failed in a small way. Why should they succeed on a larger scale? They will not, and next year will easily beat the black mortality record set up by 1929.

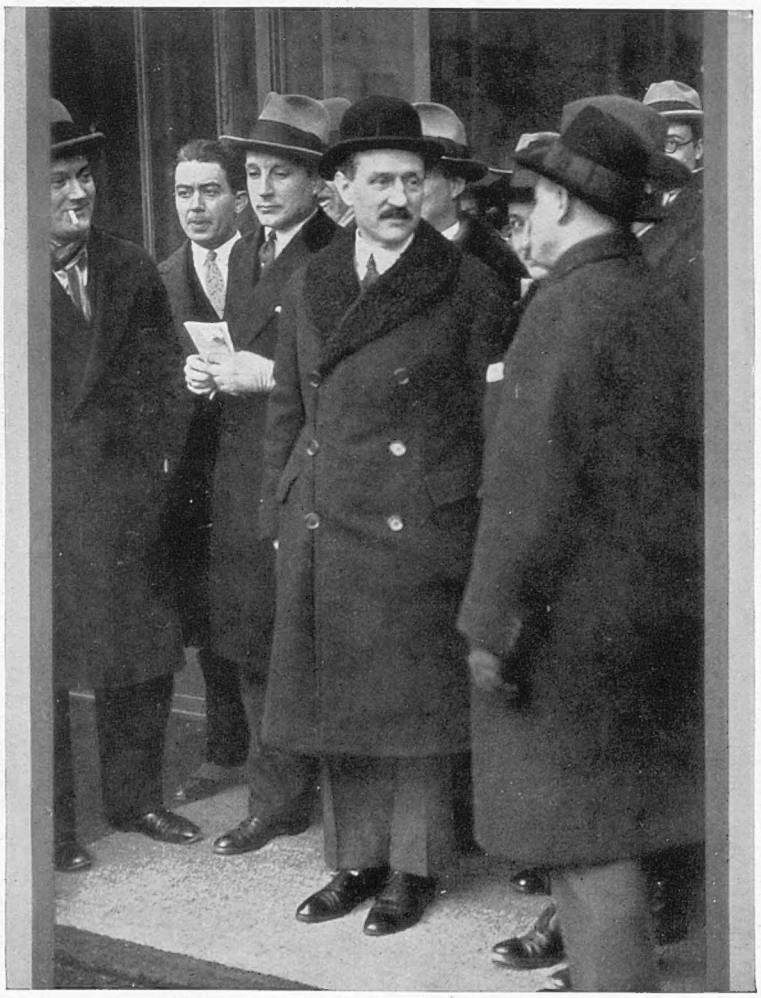
Crime and Punishment.—Last week many valuable considered opinions of experts were published dealing with the prevention of crime. It is common ground that serious crimes are slightly on the increase, that housebreakers are enjoying a more than usually care-free reign, and that mail-bag robberies and smash and grab and bag-snatching enterprise is creating quite a flutter in official quarters, among traders, and among middle-aged ladies who once regarded Belgravia as a safe resort in broad daylight. Since the War, moreover, human life has lost some of its sanctity, and violent assaults have become more frequent. It seems, therefore, an inept moment to give serious consideration to the humanising of crime penalties, and to examine the possibilities of doing away with the death penalty and abolishing flogging. Lord Darling recently shocked the squeamish public with a rather cynical (and not very witty) jest on the question of flogging. And indeed Lord Darling's predilection for a joke on every occasion has been a handicap which must have spoiled the career of a less able and less shrewd judge.

Safety First.—But in the matter of serious crime I have complete faith in Lord Darling's opinions. He was not only a first-rate judge on the Assize Bench, he was and is a first-rate judge of men and of the times we live in. And he and Lord Birkenhead hold the view, which most vigorous lawyers and men of affairs hold, that this is no time for sentiment. There are plenty of hard facts to be faced and critical problems awaiting solution. The whole country is passing through an unprecedented crisis. The blackguard section of the population, which takes advantage of the country's plight to pursue a career of lawlessness and plunder, can surely wait until less critical times to secure its due reward for voting into power a sentimentalist Government. The only extra-departmental effort which for the moment is justified in regard to crime, its detection and prevention, is to press forward all measures which will release the police of the country from petty and ineffective preoccupation with breaches of traffic and other byelaws and leave them free to redouble their efforts to exterminate the triumphant criminal.

NO.—Hope is not taxed. Yet in these dark days there is still so much of it current that Mr. Snowden can hardly neglect it as a source of revenue. The Empire's shop window is blazing with light and illuminating the dingy and foggy streets. Never was industry generally so depressed, never was the outlook less certain. Yet who so base and cowardly as to look back to the last British Empire Fair and recall the high hopes of prosperity to come which were then expressed. Once more, "orders and inquiries exceed the record of the previous year." Hope is a perennial plant. It blossoms and dies away, and unremembered shoots up again at the spring of the year. There is much that is heartening in the optimism of our great trade shows. Prosperity we do not expect in a few months, but it is something, nay a great deal, to know that the fighting spirit is not dead, and that the answer to the question, *Are we downhearted?* is, as ever, in the negative.

From the Melting Pot.—About Lord Beaverbrook's United Empire Party it is obvious that every journalist must express an opinion. For myself I am an out-and-out believer in the supreme need to-day of a new stimulus to unite, if you will a new slogan to rally, the wavering ranks of Conservatism. Any honourable and constructive ideal, which will indeed tend to unite and not serve further to weaken the party would do. The ideal of a united Empire is a noble ideal. It becomes a constructive ideal as soon as it is proved that the policy which clothes it is economically sound, and may honourably be pressed upon the Dominions composing the Empire, each of which has problems and aspirations widely distinct. Whether the idea be new or old, so long as it is sound it is worthy of furthering by every legitimate kind of propaganda and a right use of the mighty forces of the Press. In such a cause the individual is nothing. Let him by all means be Beaverbrook or Baldwin or Brown or Robinson. We ask only that the leader shall seek from his labours nothing for himself, promise nothing to his supporters but the opportunity to share in noble and patriotic work. Given such a leader and granted such a cause, every decent and every sane man in the country will rally to the standard.

Sub-divisions.—My friend Knowall assures me that rumours of Conservative Party splits are true. He speaks of (a) a determined desire on the part of the old and bold Coalitionists, who would I suppose include in their ranks (if not among their supporters) Mr. Churchill and Lord Birkenhead, and doubtless others not so closely allied with Conservative politics, to evict Mr. Baldwin and set up Sir Austen in his place. I hope my friend is no nearer his goal (if indeed the truth be his goal) than usual. I daresay Mr. Baldwin is not perfect as a fighting leader of a disintegrated and dispirited party, but would Sir Austen brighten things up? Sir Austen has lately spoken of retirement, and he is a man who would make the best and most picturesque use of dignified retirement. For his sake and for the party's I fondly hope my friend Knowall is wrong as usual. He mentions (b) a less determined opinion, held by a keen, younger, and quite respectable section of the party that, admitting Mr. Baldwin's great service to the party, his decency and fairness, the time is ripe for a change of direction into younger, more energetic hands, and that with the change of leadership a complete re-organisation of the party machine must be taken in hand. You will note that this opinion is clearly revealed in the semi-public speeches of members of the party, and I am inclined to believe that it is firmly established and am beginning to sympathise with it. The party needs a fillip, a new and courageous call to arms; and the central office at any rate needs a complete overhauling.



CRISIS IN THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT: M. Chautemps (centre) the Radical-Socialist leader, leaving the Élysée after being asked by President Doumergue to form a new Cabinet after the fall of the Tardieu Ministry

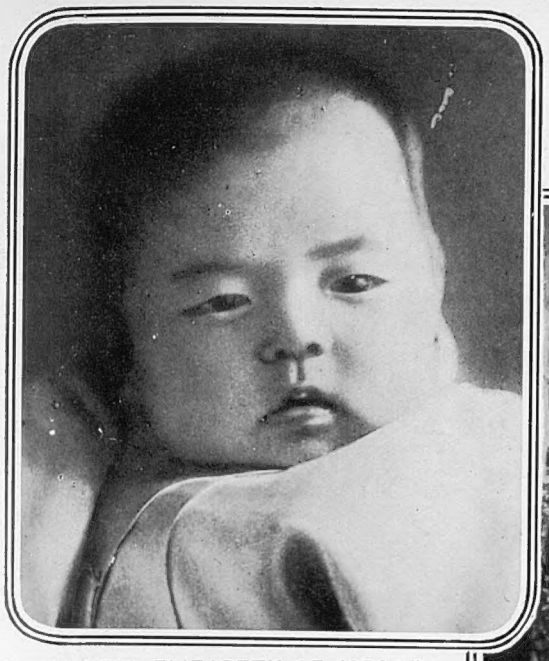
Excelsior.—Preparations are forward for a tremendous onslaught on Mount Everest's rival and runner-up among the great Himalayan peaks. The objective is actually a stiffer proposition than Everest itself, and an all-star cast has been collected to deal with it. Interest in the expedition is enhanced by the fact that four countries are supplying the leaders, a Babel party of star climbers. It is a well-known fact in mountaineering experience that above 20,000 ft. the most phlegmatic climber shows sign of nervous strain and grows easily irritated. It will therefore be of psychological interest to discover whether race rivalry and the language difficulty and the differences of temperament will check or increase the tendency to irritation, or whether these conditions will bring to bear a stubborn, controlling courtesy. The members of the expedition by all accounts are forearming themselves with frank opinions of the characters of their comrades to be.

Chicago.—Since I read Mr. J. A. Spender's *America of To-Day*, I have determined to judge America no longer by pre-War impressions nor by post-War headlines, but to see her with his far-seeing eyes, and to think of her difficulties and achievements with more of his broadminded generosity. The problem of the Chicago gunmen is one which no happy Englishman can, even with such help as Mr. Spender can give, begin to comprehend. It is impossible to banish entirely the idea that a curious understanding does exist between the criminal world and the police in that area. Such an opinion does not imply corruption. We know that in London the police maintain a good-humoured understanding with East-end gangs and racecourse gangs, and that arrest and interrogation would be impossible without some sort of friendly association between hunters and hunted. It is more than clear that such a relationship does exist between the force of law and the forces of disorder in Chicago, for otherwise it would be impossible that in a few days thousands of suspects could be apprehended, interrogated and released again, in a supreme effort to capture the Moriartys of the Lake City and to purge the good name of the force. Let us admit the cordial understanding and cordially dismiss the charges of corruption and imcompetence made against the police of Chicago. Theirs is a job which nobody envies.

And Then There Was One.—Unquestionably there should have been instituted in the days of its popularity a great tontine whose prize would ultimately go to the last surviving possessor of a London palace kept continuously in the possession of one family. The accumulated fund would, of course, be destined to keep up that museum relic in working order as a national exhibit. And, all things considered, the time would now have come to award the prize to Lord Ellesmere of Bridgwater House. One by one we have seen them go; one by one we have deplored their loss. In my boyhood there were twelve. Now, quite strictly, only one remains. Chesterfield House has a fine history and still stands, but it has changed hands. Norfolk House has just survived Lansdowne House, but although a "family" mansion, under the terms of our tontine it is not a detached palace; Crewe House would not have been selected for the competition, and Sunderland House, though a palace, and detached, is modern and has no family tradition. Lord Ellesmere wins. He has watched, one by one, brother following brother from the sunshine of great traditions to the sunless land of concrete and steel and skating rinks and dancing halls, and he and his great picture gallery and family treasures remain to the end. Stafford, Montagu, Devonshire, Grosvenor, Lansdowne, and the rest . . . they are vanished with our youth—they are nothing but stately memories. They are sacrificed to the needs of the times; the younger generation knocked on their doors and they fell down.

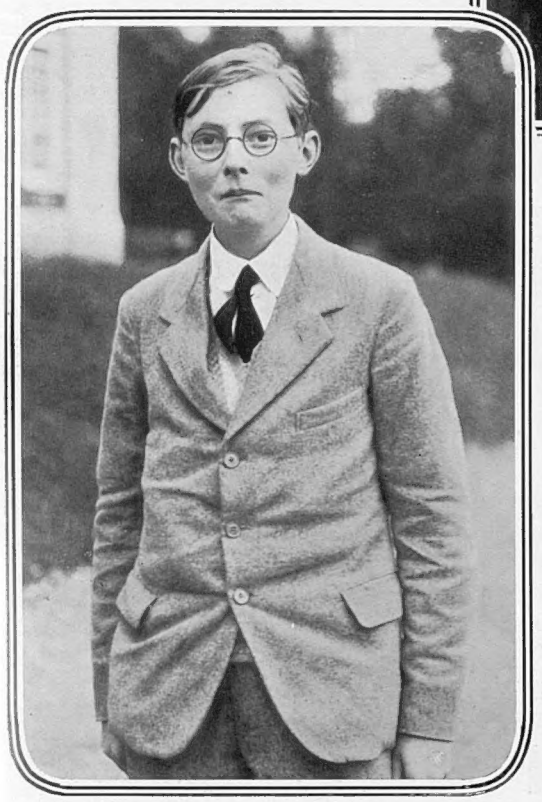
THE OLD STAGER.

SEVEN DAYS of A BUSY WEEK



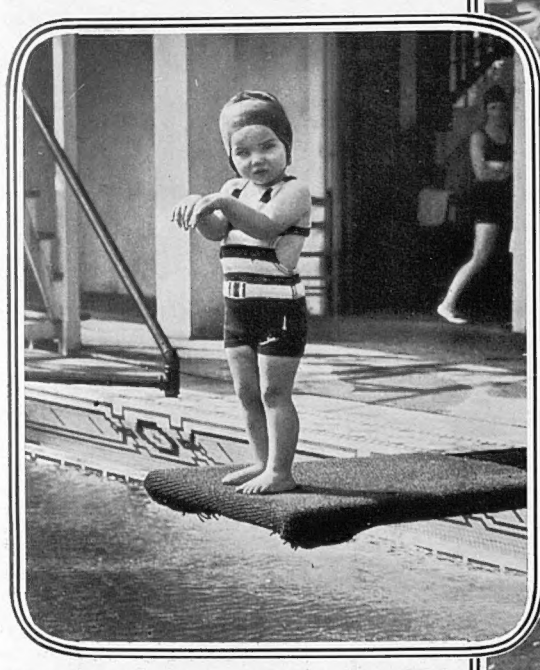
"PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF JAPAN": Princess Taka Kazuke, the youngest daughter of the Emperor and Empress—a picture taken when H.I.H. was 120 days old

A WEDDING IN THE GREEK CATHEDRAL: A moment during the marriage of Mr. Philip Argenti and Miss Helen Schilizzi held at the Greek Cathedral, Moscow Road, Bayswater. One feature of the ceremony is the coronation of both bride and groom with floral wreaths. The ritualism of the Greek is even more elaborate than that of the Roman Church



THE NEW LORD WESTBURY: Richard Morland Tollemache Bethell, now at Stowe, grandson of the octogenarian peer who died suddenly last week

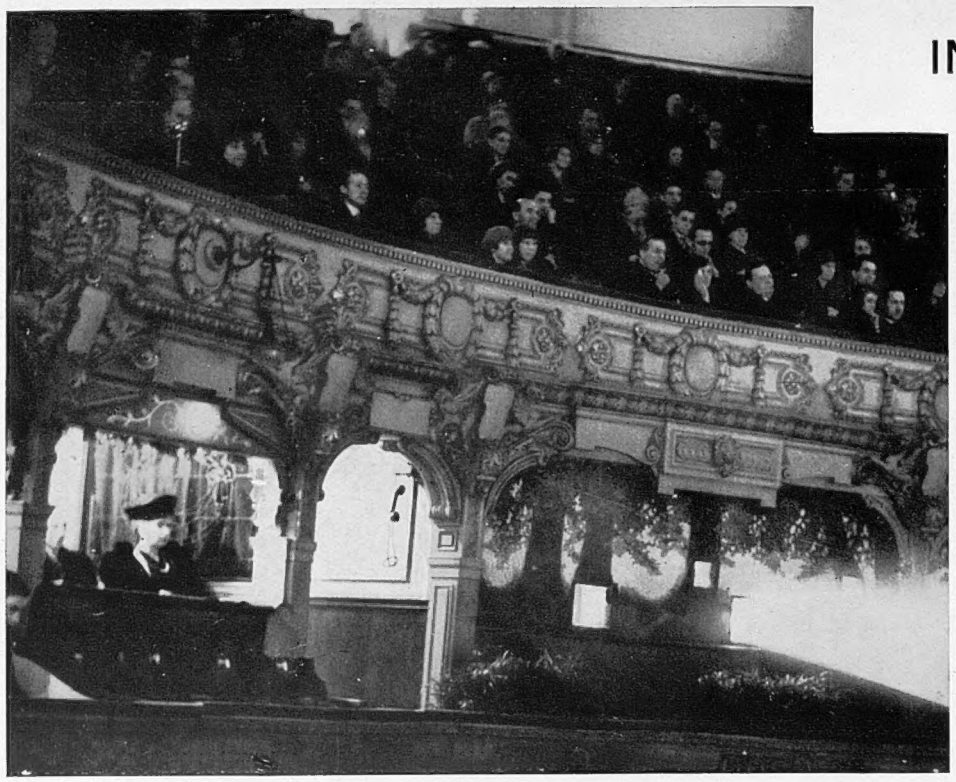
FOLLOWING IN FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS: Mr. Randolph Churchill, son of the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, an undergraduate of Christ Church, Oxford, opens a Union Debate on the motion, "That this House disapproves of the proposed Treaty with Egypt." Mr. Winston Churchill was at Sandhurst, not Oxford, but Mr. Randolph Churchill is probably destined to follow his father's debating triumphs in a greater House. Mrs. Churchill was present



THE WORLD'S YOUNGEST SWIMMER: Miss Marjorie Best of Detroit, Michigan, who, at the age of twenty-eight months, dives into 9 ft. of water and swims to the side of the pool

PASSING THE TIME: French Rugger enthusiasts while away the weary hours of waiting for the gates to open at Twickenham, where England won a victory last Saturday by 11 points to 5. The match was well fought throughout—the best of good sportsmanship and the cleanest of play marking the event

IN THE HUB OF THE EMPIRE

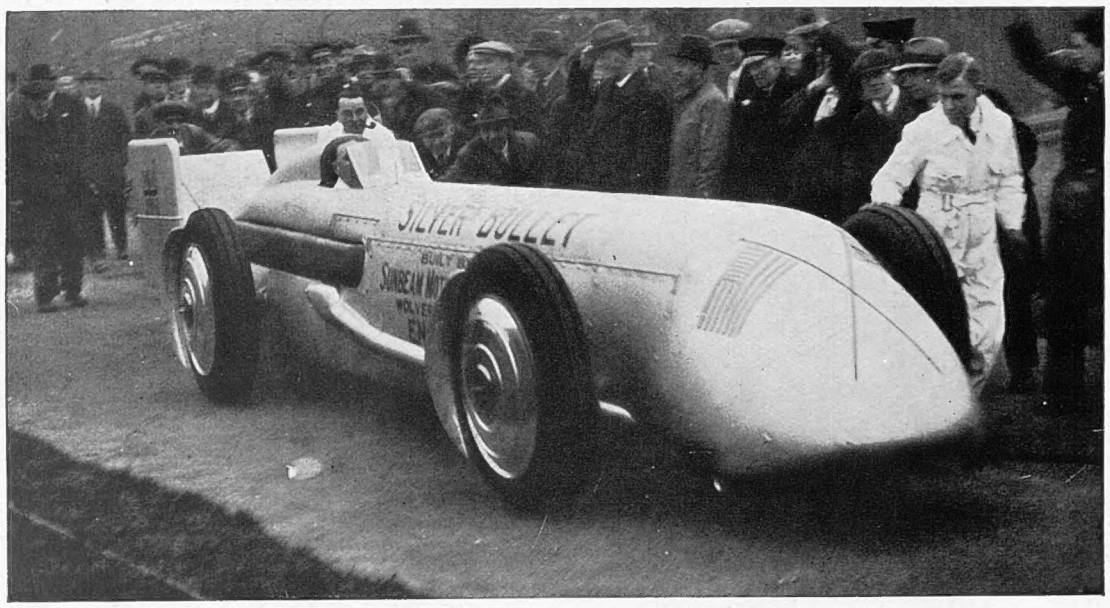


THE QUEEN AT A CINEMA: Her Majesty caught by the camera during her presence at the Stoll Picture Theatre Kingsway, where she saw "Tembi," the African animal film created by Mr. Cherry Kearton

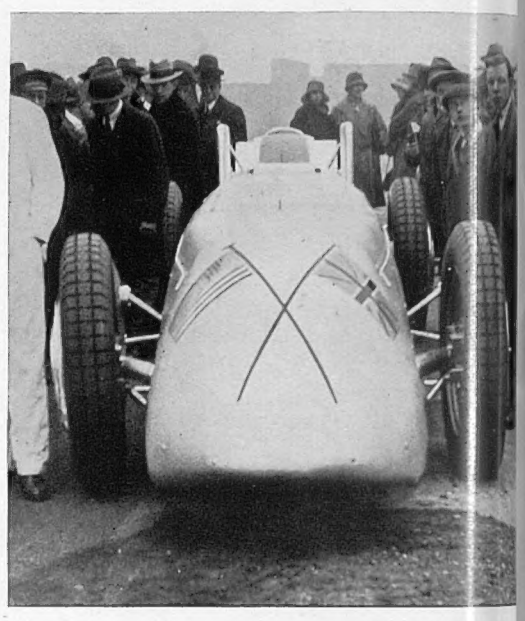
TABLEAU VIVANT: Mrs. John Mulock in "The Nor'-West Passage" in the important Society charity performance at the Grafton Galleries

AT THE SHIRE HORSE SHOW: A magnificent entry in the show held annually at the Agricultural Hall. He is seen undergoing the eye-test

THE "SILVER BULLET" REVEALED



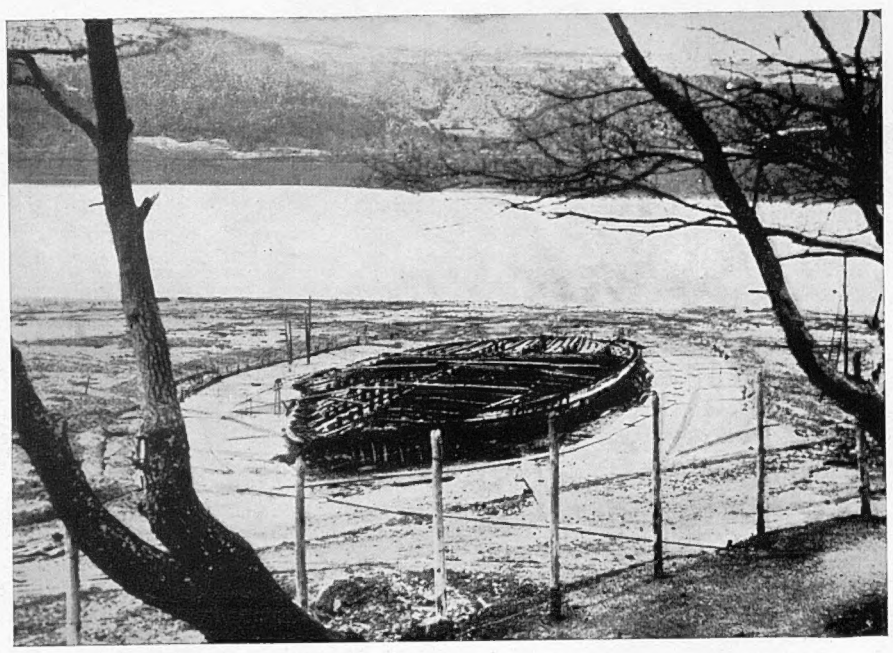
4,000 H.P.! The huge Sunbeam constructed for Mr. Kaye Don's attempt on the world's speed record at Daytona. It is ice-cooled and has two 12-cylinder engines. There are two driving shafts revolving in opposite directions to avoid torque



END-ON: The "Silver Bullet's" shark-like nose ornamented with the crossed flags and the small windscreen

LAKE NEMI GIVES UP ITS TREASURES

A BRONZE HEAD IN PROFILE: This head illustrates the face shown in profile in the opposite picture



WHEN THE LAKE WAS DRAINED: One of the galleys of Caligula lying high and dry after the draining of Lake Nemi, under the supervision of Professor Antonielli, at a cost of 10,000,000 lire. It is said that the galleys were sunk by the Mad Emperor with his guests on board

TWIN HEADS ON A SINGLE NECK: A bronze-crowned pedestal over 3 ft. high raised from Lake Nemi

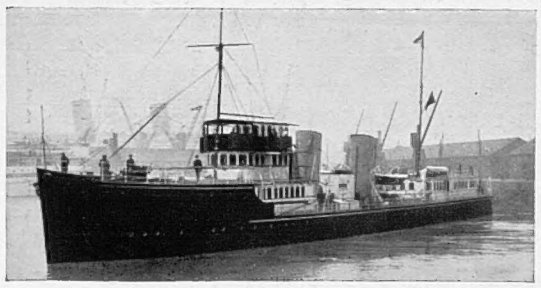
IN THE LAND OF THE SUN

ARNIVAL COMES TO NICE: A general view of the Place Massena during one of the Carnival days. Thousands of people have assembled at Nice for the festivities, which are modernised out of all recognition in 1930

FOLLOWING ROYALTY: The car which followed that of King Carnival LII (the fifty-second carnival held in Nice). The Riviera is Carnival mad at the moment

"MERRY AS A MARRIAGE BELL"

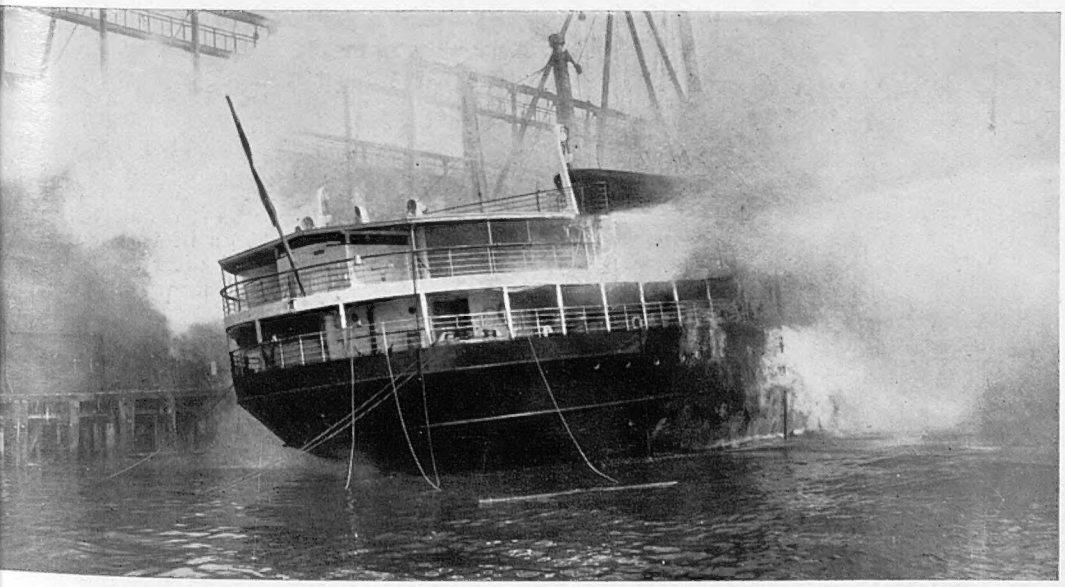
UARDED BY POLICE: The Duke of Westminster and his bride, Miss Loelia Ponsonby, greeted by crowds as they leave the Board Room, Prince's Row Register Office, after their wedding



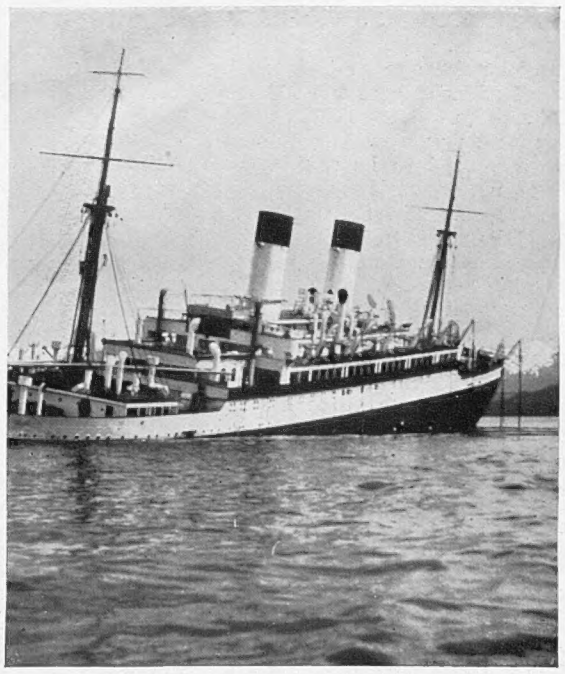
HONEYMOON BOUND: Above the Duke and Duchess of Westminster in a speed boat, and (below) the Duke's yacht, the "Cutty Sark," on board which the honeymoon is being spent cruising about

ROYAL MARRIAGE IN JAPAN: Prince Taka Matsu, brother of the Mikado, and Miss Tokugawa, after their marriage in Tokio

IN PERIL ON THE SEA"



ALMOST A TRAGEDY IN NEW YORK HARBOUR: S.S. "Munchen" of the North German Lloyd Line was the victim of a mysterious explosion followed by flames after she had docked in the North River, New York. City fireboats are seen above playing hoses on her as she listed to port before her stern sank



THE STERN CODE OF THE SEA: The 14,000-ton German liner "Monte Cervantes," foundered in in the Straits of Magellan. Captain Dreyer refused to be rescued

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA'S LEADER TO-DAY

At the Age of Eighty this Coachman's Son Still Sits in the Saddle of this Vigorous State with Confident Skill

By C. J. C. STREET

One of the most romantic careers of modern times must surely be that of the man who entirely through his own force of character rose from the obscurity of a small country village to be the President of a flourishing European State. And to make the achievement still more striking is the fact that this State owes its existence to the untiring efforts of this one man.

Eighty years ago, on March 7, 1850, a son was born to Joseph Masaryk, a coachman in the Austrian Imperial service, at the village of Hodonin in Moravia. Joseph Masaryk was a

THE COACHMAN'S SON IN THE SADDLE: President Masaryk, an octogenarian, vigorous physically and mentally

Slovak by birth, and had married a Czech girl, Thérèse Kropáček, who had spent the greater part of her life under German influences. The family were in very poor circumstances themselves and were surrounded by poverty. Nevertheless his mother was determined that her son, Thomas, should have the advantages of what education could be procured. She had the foresight to see that only through education could the boy rise above the position of an agricultural labourer, ill-paid, and practically a slave to his Imperial masters. By hook and by crook she saved enough to send him to the village school.

From the first Thomas Masaryk displayed an aptitude for learning. He was essentially studious, but he was at the same time a healthy, natural boy, taking part in all the games of his schoolfellows, and delighting in an outdoor life. He became so promising a pupil that at the age of eleven a visiting inspector of schools persuaded his parents to allow him to go to a secondary school.

His mother was willing enough, but the expense appeared to be prohibitive. At last, by dint of many sacrifices, enough was saved for the purpose. Thomas was sent to a school in a neighbouring town kept by the Piarist Fathers. Here he completed two years with considerable success. His masters recommended that he should be trained to become a teacher. But he could not enter a training college until he was sixteen, and as yet he was barely thirteen. What was to be done with him in the meanwhile since his parents could not afford to keep him in idleness? The prospected career was perforce abandoned, and the boy was apprenticed to a locksmith in Vienna.

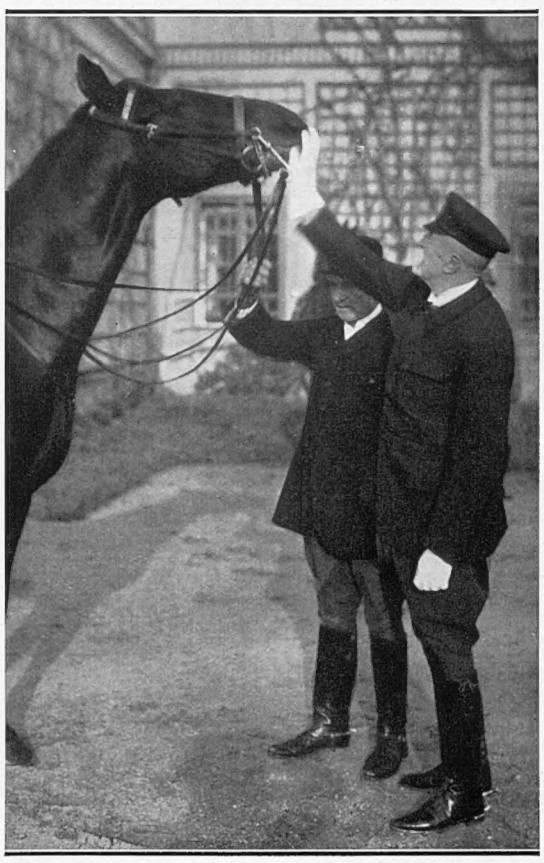
He only remained there for a few weeks. The city was like a prison to the country-bred boy. He ran away home, and his parents apprenticed him afresh to the local blacksmith.

Here he might have remained until he qualified in his trade had not one of his former masters seen him, and distressed at the waste of such good material, offered him a position as pupil-teacher at a school kept by his father. The position would be unpaid, but Thomas would at least be continuing his education. The offer was accepted, and for two years the boy lived as best he could, earning a few pence in his spare time by playing the organ in church and singing at funerals. At last, when he was fifteen, he passed an examination qualifying him for entrance to the High School at Brno, the capital of the province of Moravia.

At Brno he spent four years, supporting himself by giving lessons to his less-gifted companions. He proved diligent enough in his studies but he repeatedly came into conflict with the school authorities, owing mainly to his refusal to submit to any form of oppression, mental or physical. In 1869, the crisis came and he was expelled. But fortunately the father of one of his schoolmasters had interested himself in him, and, through his assistance he was enabled to proceed to the Grammar School at Vienna. In 1872 he entered the University of Vienna, where he immediately concentrated upon the study of philosophy.

Four years later, he went to Leipzig in the capacity of tutor, and here he met Miss Charlotte Garrigue, an American girl who was staying there at the time. He fell in love with her, proposed, and was accepted. Miss Garrigue's parents could hardly be expected to look with favour upon this penniless student. She returned to America, where, it was probably thought, the incident would be forgotten. But Fate intervened. Miss Garrigue met with a carriage accident, and insisted that Thomas Masaryk should be sent for. By dint of the utmost exertions he raised sufficient money to pay his fare across the Atlantic, throwing up a post he then held as an assistant master. He joined Miss Garrigue, and the two were married on March 15, 1878.

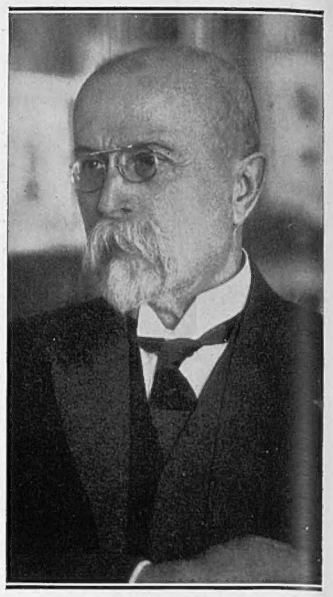
The problem of the future immediately presented itself. Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, as for the future he styled himself, was at first inclined to remain in America and seek employment there. However, it was eventually decided that the young couple should return to Vienna, where Masaryk should continue his studies until he qualified for a professorship. This they did, living for some years in very straitened circumstances. At last, in 1882, Masaryk was offered, and with some misgivings accepted, a post at the newly-established Czech



FRIENDS: President Masaryk chats to his horse. His early environment renders him very sympathetic to things equine

University at Prague.

It was during his early years at Prague that Masaryk's name first came into prominence. Already he had interested himself in what was known as the Czech Question, and for the remainder of his life he was to devote himself to the solution of that question. For two-and-a-half centuries the Czechs has been an oppressed people, living under the yoke of Austria. How were they to regain their freedom, political and cultural? Masaryk's answer was that it could be done, but only if the Czech people set themselves to work out their own salvation, and abandoned the vague dreams in which they were too prone to indulge. Let them show themselves worthy of liberty and liberty would come as a result of their efforts. Let them return to the simple, honest faith of their forefathers, and show themselves to the world as a united and steadfast nation.



FATHER OF HIS PEOPLE: An interesting study of the ardent patriot

This doctrine was not popular with those Czechs who dreamt of freedom through some spectacular revolution. Nor did Masaryk's attitude tend to increase his popularity. His motto, then and always, was truth at all costs.

From now onwards Masaryk turned his attention to politics, and in 1891 he was elected to a seat in the Austrian Parliament. But differences between himself and the party he had joined caused his resignation two years later. He set to work to found a party of his own, which was known first as the Realist and later as the Progressive Party. But it was not until 1907 that he again entered Parliament, this time to retain his seat upon the outbreak of War in 1914. During these seven years he did his utmost, by opposition to the aggressive foreign policy of Austria, to avert the catastrophe which he felt to be impending.

Masaryk had long been prepared for war, and had realised that in it would lie the opportunity for regaining Czecho-Slovak freedom. But the suddenness of the final crash found him unprepared. His position was in some ways a peculiar one. To the politicians he was merely one of many party leaders. But to the people at large he was the guiding spirit of the nation, and it was to him they looked for leadership in the crisis. He decided immediately upon opposition to Austria by every possible means short of actual armed rebellion which, under the circumstances, would have been suicidal. And to the organisation of this opposition he immediately applied himself.

The Czechs being a branch of the Slav family the tendency of the nation was to look to Russia as the traditional protector of the Slavs for salvation. But Masaryk, who had made a profound study of Russia, knew then that she was a broken reed upon which to lean. He saw that the only hope of ultimately securing Czecho-Slovak freedom was to enlist the interest of the Western Allies in this cause. He left his own country, and after spending some time in Rome and Geneva, reached London in 1915.

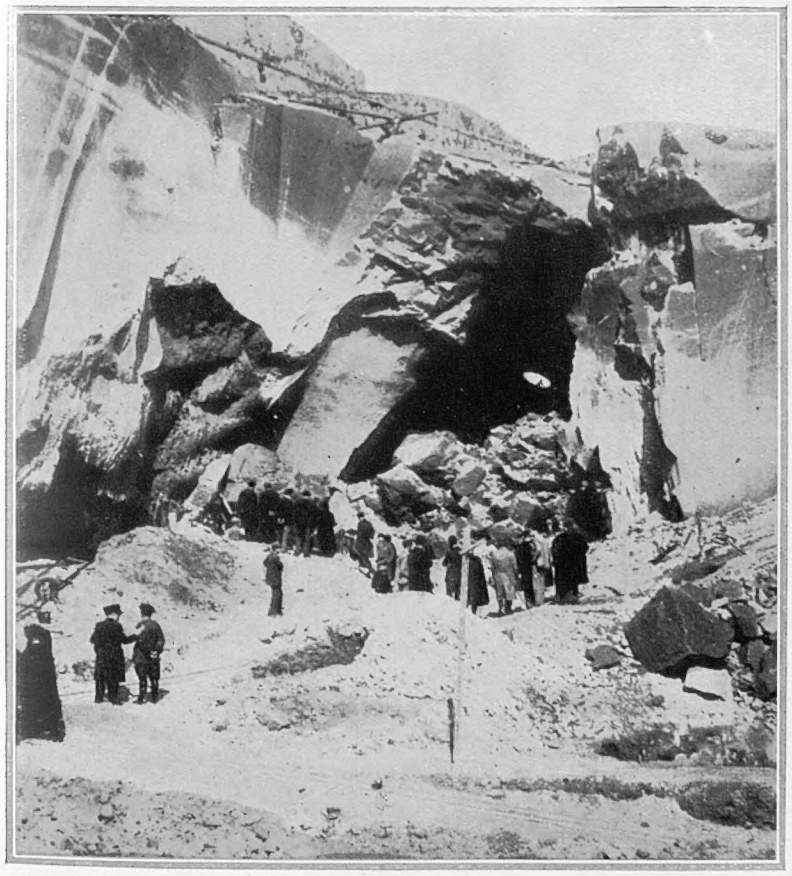
Whatever fame he might have acquired from his writings and from the prominent part he had played in the notorious Friedjung trial, he was unknown to the majority in Western countries. When he arrived in London he was no more than an elderly professor, technically an enemy alien, and as such an object of deep suspicion to the police. With the aid of his friends he set on foot a campaign for the education of the public in Central European affairs. His efforts were so successful that at a lecture given by him at King's College, where he had obtained a lectureship, no less a person than Lord Cecil, representing the Prime Minister, was in the chair.

(*Continued on p.* 368)

THE SPHERE surveys the WORLD

PREMIER OF JAPAN: Mr. Yuko Hamaguchi with his wife, daughters, and grandchildren. The recent General Election gave the Government 273 seats—a majority of 80 over all other parties—having won 101 seats and lost only 2. The Seiyukai (Opposition) has gained 9 and lost 73 seats. The size of the majority appears to stabilise the political situation

"ARCOS" IN BERLIN: A squad of police arrives at Karl Liebknecht's House, the home of "The Red Flag," the official Communist organ in Germany. A strict search was conducted as it was alleged that anti-Governmental pamphlets were printed there



TRAGEDY IN NAPLES: The worst disaster to occur in recent years at "Vesuvius City" took place when the tunnel for the new funicular railway to Posillipo collapsed, burying a number of workmen. Gendarmes and officials are shown above at the scene of the disaster

AN AUDIENCE AT THE VATICAN: The Princess Mafalda of Italy and, in the background, wearing a tiara head-dress, Princess d'Assia, with dignitaries of the Papal State. Ever since the settlement of the sixty-years-old Roman Question the aristocracy and royalty of Italy have visited freely at the Vatican

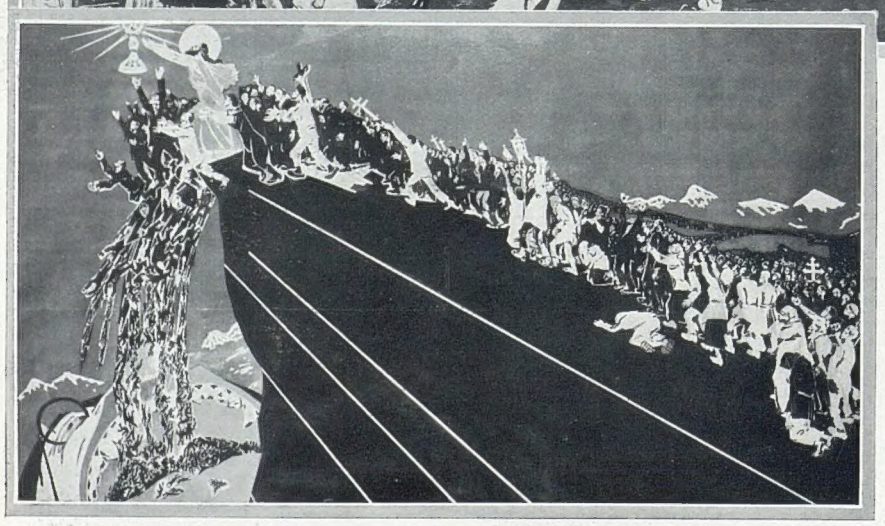
Will ADMIRAL BYRD Get Through ?

Drawn by D. Macpherson

CAN SHE GET THROUGH? The City of New York caught in the pack-ice of the Ross Sea

In a recent issue of "The Sphere" Mr. Herbert Ponting set forth the difficulties confronting the relief ship of the Byrd Expedition in its task of reaching the Bay of Whales, where Admiral Byrd had been established on the edge of the great ice barrier during the past year. The belt of ice pack, a persistent feature which forms and breaks up regularly during any given twelve months, presented the chief difficulty. When the question was discussed in this recent issue of "The Sphere," the *City of New York* lay in the open water to the north of the pack. The vessel found that this floating zone of ice was more than usually dense, but at length stormy weather began to break up the solid mass of the pack. Leads of water opened up to the south, and the *City of New York* was able to penetrate the ice pack and to reach the inner stretch of open water which is generally to be found off the great ice barrier. Here very severe storms were encountered, the water freezing on the hull of the ship to a thickness of from twenty to thirty inches. At length the *City of New York* managed to get under the lee of the barrier, and in this calmer water the crew set to work with all haste to hack away the encumbering mass of ice which covered so much of the vessel. At length the *City of New York* approached the ice harbour at Little America. All the stores were in readiness for conveyance on board the ship, which left without a moment's delay on its northward journey. At the time of writing she is moving northward more or less in the direction shown by the arrows in the above diagram.

RUSSIAN ANTI-RELIGIOUS POSTERS.



THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD: A poster showing Jesus leading the millions of his worshippers to "salvation"—the cope of a precipice over which they all fall headlong into the maw of Capitalism

"THE TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY": One of the hideous anti-God posters from Russia, in which a profiteer figure of Capitalism is shown throned on the Cross, which is borne onward by shackled workers, their eyes fixed on a Christ who does not bear his own hideous burden

JESUS, DEFENDER OF CAPITAL: The Scourger of the money changers represented as the ally of, and protector of, Mammon

The "anti-God" campaign conducted by the Soviet has reached yet a further stage. Stalin has issued a pamphlet defending the blasphemy upon the age-old war of science and religion. In answer to a question this Soviet Tsar declared his intention of suppressing the clergy, saying, "The clergy have not yet, unfortunately, been liquidated. Anti-religious propaganda is a means whereby complete liquidation of reactionary clergy must be brought about."

Lady DRUMMOND-HAY discusses

FATHER OF HIS PEOPLE: President Thomas Masaryk of Czecho-Slovakia

World AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Interest

FATHER OF HIS PEOPLE.—Dr. Thomas Masaryk, President of Czecho-Slovakia, who celebrates his eightieth birthday on March 7th, is "not too old at eighty." He claims that abstinence from alcohol and nicotine, open-air life, sport, and hard work keep him young. Son of a coachman, blacksmith's apprentice in his youth, to-day "Father of his People," President Masaryk is one of the most cultured, picturesque, and beloved of Europe's rulers.

I will always remember the first time I met him in Prague several years ago. Waiting in one of the reception-rooms of Hradschin, castle-fortress on the hill, palace of the Kings of Bohemia, my reverie over "Prague the Golden" was broken by a striking figure who strode into the gorgeous gilded setting. White-bearded, keen-eyed Masaryk in the green coat, breeches and gaiters of a Czecho-Slovak farmer, aglow from his morning ride, saluted me with all the courtesy of his gentle generation.

Conversation began that day with topical reference to the question of the Little Entente, but soon drifted to that of the young state of Czecho-Slovakia, investing the aged President with the glamour of enthusiastic youth.

His outlook is widened by a thorough acquaintance with the languages and literature of France, Germany, Russia, Poland, Jugo-Slavia, in addition to that of England and of his own country. He spoke to me in English, eagerly recalling the great rôle that England has played in his life and career. President Masaryk knew England before the War, is a Doctor of Oxford University, lived in England during the War in Hampstead, where he dreamed of an independant Czecho-Slovakia and from where he worked to realise that dream.

England means much to him. In modest circumstances he toiled in Hampstead suburb for the liberation and recognition of his country. Gloriously he returned to London in November, 1918, after a world tour through Russia, Siberia, and America, as President of the month-old Czecho-Slovak Republic, which office he still holds to-day.

Dictator Mussolini of Italy told me that his model and ideal is Julius Cæsar. President Masaryk ends his book, *The Making of a State*, with three words "Jesus—not Cæsar."

THE MODERN HAMLET.—Between Naples and Rome, Zurich, Berlin, Stockholm, Copenhagen, haunting the Zeppelin Works in Friedrichshafen, there wanders back and forth, restless and melancholy as a modern Hamlet—a living tragedy—General Umberto Nobile, commander of the ill-fated *Italia* North Pole expedition.

He is fighting a battle for honour—for the honour of his name, the respect of his fellow-men, stripped from him by popular verdict, he thinks unjustly. A battle such as probably no other man in Europe, if in all the world, is fighting to-day. All alone, or almost so, against his own Government, his own race, against the world—alone. A hopeless struggle, but he will not admit that—for the restitution of his honour as a man.

General Nobile is not really a "general," never was. It is a rank given him by his country when he was its national hero for a time, almost as much as d'Annunzio. He was engineer and professor at the University of Naples, building airships. Came honours at home, recognition from scientific circles, fame bestowed by the world. Came the North Pole flight in the *Italia*, built by him. The world joined in Italy's applause. Came disaster, grim, horrible, in the icy North, and white death to those carried away by the balloon part of the airship—never heard from again. Other Polar expeditions have had disasters. The world understood, reserved its judgment. Came rescue to Nobile's little group huddled under the famous red tent on the ice. And Nobile, professor transformed into general, commander of an expedition, left that red tent—his "ship"—first. Let himself be the first to be saved. With an almost audible click of wrist and joint, the world turned "thumbs down." It waited for no evidence, no justification. None advanced since, and all the pathetic pleading of a piteous, tragic figure has not caused those thumbs to be reversed. It was the violation of a principle that has almost instinctive recognition wherever there are men.

"I have been condemned without a hearing," Nobile tells friends.

The world points to the one fact. Pitiless as is the world's judgment, to which nothing has been added by the merciless condemnation of the official Italian Investigation Commission, sincere as Nobile no doubt is in his belief that he was justified, it is well that the world still honours honour and manhood, no matter what the cost to the individual.

NOT SO FREE.—America, the "Land of the Free," presents an amazing picture of her amazing people to the world. And the most amazing part is, that she does not seem to be conscious of it.

The civil wars and semi-chaos in China, the confusion of conflicting elements in India groping for self-government, the closing of the churches in Russia, are not more extraordinary examples of a people or nation in travail than the "Wet" and "Dry" struggle in the United States. No keener was the religious fanaticism of the Christians and Saracens in the Crusades, or of the extreme nationalists of India and the communist protagonist of the world revolution in Russia to-day, than is that of the American "Drys."

An army of ten thousand Custom frontier guards on the Canadian border, a "rum chaser" navy, a coast patrol guard known for its heroic rescues, now being debauched by being turned into bootleg hunters. Raids of hotels, clubs, private houses, hundreds of arrests. A woman in Michigan sent to prison for life for a fourth offence of selling liquor. Efforts to make buyers of liquor equally guilty with sellers. Millions of dollars spent for Enforcement that does not—cannot—enforce.

All this in a country whose people are convinced that they are the freest people on earth, who seek to impress their thought, their institutions, their reforms and cultural ideas on other people—who hope to see the whole world one day like themselves.

The Americans are a sensible and intensely practical people. A people who, by their tremendous energy, drive, initiative, efficiency, self-confidence, are in a fair way of capturing a large part of the world—if they do not destroy themselves first. But they do have strange national "brain storms" which leave us in Europe, who still maintain that the right to eat and drink within reason what we wish is amongst the most primitive and fundamental rights of man, very much aghast.

One might treat it humorously or satirically were it not such a serious aspect of a great nation that may develop into tragedy. Not since the days of slavery has America been so divided against itself. Dry enforcement is assuming such grotesque forms, that one can only conclude that the motive behind it is to drive it to a point where even the American people may eventually find a more dignified and reasonable solution of the problem.

Canada, across the border, is a land of tranquillity, real freedom and liberty, compared with the United States to-day.

IN THE DAYS OF HIS GLORY: "General" Nobile receives a medal from Admiral Okada

GIPSIES OF THE WATER.—Investigations and reports incidental to the suggested Canal Boats Bill, providing for the education of the Water Gipsies of England, has opened the door on a little-known but fascinating phase of everyday life. Discussions in Parliament revealing the mode of living of the Nomads of our Waterways, conjured up vividly in my mind memories of "Sampan Land" in the Far East. From Singapore eastwards, the broad, placid rivers are closely sown with the floating homes of these people with a country but without a land. Illiterate, ignorant, wretchedly poor, cut off from every aspect of "land-life," they even claim to have a traditional language of their own like the gipsies of the woods and wilds, but unlike them, the sampaners acknowledge no "king" or ruler.

The first time I visited Canton, I was amazed at the sight of the river-population, said to number over 300,000, whose junks and sampans almost obliterate the thick waters of Pearl River. Fishing is their main business, their income but a few coppers a day, but the little families do not seem any worse off than their land neighbours. I found them to be very kindly folk.

Furnished with a single cabin, supplemented by an awning of bamboo, they live in the open air all day, even if they hermetically seal themselves in at night. Cooking, washing, births, deaths, marriages take place in the tiny area of a few square feet. Sampan Land celebrates at the Dragon Boat Festival, in which I took part last year in Shanghai from a tiny sampan "manned" by two most amiable Chinese waterwomen. The dragon boats swirled sinuously around the sampans, bringing luck for the year. Fire-crackers continuously exploded, Chinese gongs boom, this weird regatta reveals the sampaner as being far from oppressed or depressed by his life and surroundings.

A category of Sing-song girls live in sampans, borrowing seductiveness and allure from the mystery of the starry nights.

A CHILDREN'S FÊTE.—The Dolls' Festival, on March 3, is one of the chief national holidays in child-loving Japan. Even the poorest families celebrate before the exhibition of heirloom puppets, with *shirozake*—a sweet, white cordial and cakes. The sets of festival dolls, their furniture, and miniature personal belongings are sent to a baby girl on her first March 3. Regarded as household treasures, not playthings, they see the light of day but once a year. Arranged on peach-blossom decorated shelves, their doll-like owners hold a party before, and contemplate the tableau.

Emperor and Empress in all their pomp, court ladies, historical feminine personalities, musicians are politely entertained by the little girls acting as hostesses in imitation of the ceremonious hospitality of their elders. Coloured rice-cakes are prepared for the dolls, sweetmeats and *shirozake* offered to the human guests, who devote two weeks of the month to visiting and admiring the displays of their friends and neighbours.

Festival doll sets cost anything from a couple of shillings to £200 to buy, but heirloom dolls of great families are priceless. It is claimed that over one thousand different types and styles of dolls have come in and gone out of fashion during the last three centuries.

The Doll Festival is considered of sufficient national importance for Mr. Gentaro Tanabashi on behalf of the Federation for the Improvement of Living Conditions, to have suggested that the Festival be held in April "because the weather would be pleasant, and children might gather flowers and offer them to their dolls."

The three big prohibition societies of Japan plan a campaign to substitute non-alcoholic *amazake* for the traditional *shirozake* at the festivities, on the grounds that in offering their children *shirozake* on this occasion parents are countenancing the breaking of the juvenile prohibition law.

AN ANTARCTIC CRÈCHE: A cradle of sea-elephants in the Crozet Islands. In the background is the snow-clad range rising to an altitude of 5,000 ft. The islands are a great breeding-place for sea-elephants, the monsters of the Antarctic

THE INHABITANTS OF POSSESSION ISLAND ENJOY A FINE DAY: Sunshine in the stormy Crozet Island group is rare. Young penguin are seen above whose guide, standing in the centre, is probably telling them to be wary of the sea-elephants seen snoring in the background

THE LONELY SOLITUDES OF KERGUELEN: A bird's-eye view taken from Red Dome Peak over Swain's Bay. The coast of the little-known island is indented with innumerable harbours and waterways

WITH THE "DISCOVERY" in the ANTARCTIC

Special Pictures from Sir Douglas Mawson's (the B.A.N.Z.) Expedition to Antarctica

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A SUB-ARCTIC CABBAGE PATCH: This vista, suggesting a glimpse in a tropical garden, shows an island slope overgrown with an edible plant known as the Kerguelen cabbage. The stalk of the plant when boiled has the flavour of a somewhat coarse cabbage but it has a high value as an anti-scorbutic. Considerable collections were made by the scientists at Kerguelen

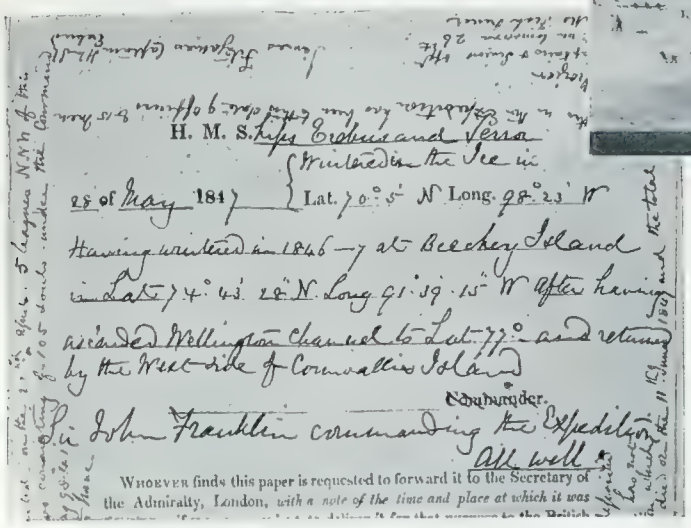
A New Search for FRANKLIN'S GRAVE

By THOMAS WAYLING

In May, 1845, an Admiralty expedition consisting of two vessels, the Erebus and Terror, under the command of Sir John Franklin, left this country with the object of circumnavigating the Northern end of the American Continent. In other words they were to accomplish, if possible, the task of finding a north-west passage, a phrase which has become famous in polar literature. For various causes the expedition came to grief, and various expeditions attempted to rescue or to find traces of the officers and crews of the two ships, whose final fate has not yet been written—they appear to have been seen, both stranded, on a huge berg passing south off the Newfoundland banks. One record—the only written one—known as the Gore Manuscript from the signature at its foot, was discovered, together with other relics of the unfortunate expedition. The actual burial-place of Sir John Franklin has never yet been discovered, and Mr. Wayling, "The Sphere's" Ottawa Correspondent, tells of the latest moves in the direction of a new search by the Canadian Government

JOHN FRANKLIN: An engraving from a drawing by Negelen

IN THE POLAR SEAS: A Sir John Franklin expedition passing through Point Latain 1821. From a drawing by Lieutenant Back, R.N.



H. M. S. Ships Erebus and Terror
Wintered in the Ice in
28 of May 1847 Lat. 70° 5' N Long. 98° 23' W
Having wintered in 1846—7 at Beechey Island
in Lat. 74° 43' 28" N. Long. 91° 39' 15" W after having
ascended Wellington Channel to Lat. 77° and returned
by the West side of Cornwallis Island
Commander.
Sir John Franklin commanding the Expedition
All well
WHOEVER finds this paper is requested to forward it to the Secretary of the Admiralty, London, with a note of the time and place at which it was

THE LAST RECORD: Sir John Franklin's record, found in a cairn on King William Island by the McClintock Expedition

The Hon. Charles Stewart, Canada's Minister of the Interior, whose explorers and scientists are year by year opening the book of the Arctic, tells me that the Government of Canada has bought the Baines Manuscript, the data of an old sailor who went with Captain Charles Francis Hall to King William Island in 1871. The manuscript and the maps which accompany it purport to give the location of the grave of Sir John Franklin.

Baines was a young man when he sailed with Captain Hall. To-day he is over eighty years of age, and is somewhere up in Alaska. Before going north, however, he confided to an American engineer in Seattle his recollections of the Hall expedition, and claimed to know definitely where Franklin was buried. There is enough verisimilitude in his narrative to induce the Dominion Government to pay 1,000 dollars for the information, although the original price asked was fifteen times that.

There may be nothing to Baines's story, but there is a faint hope that he may be right. He declares that Franklin's grave was revealed to him by Eskimos, and that it was lined with tar and sand to keep out the moisture. It is now thought possible that as Franklin died before the final tragedy overtook the entire expedition, the long-sought-for records may have been buried with him for preservation. It is this idea which impels the Canadian Government to consider the matter seriously, and to send, when the moment arrives, Major Burwash, J. Dewey Soper, W. H. B. Hoare, or some other Canadian Government explorer to the snowy north to find out if Baines's story is true.

Captain Hall found a great deal of hearsay evidence on King William Island, but not very much concrete evidence. The expedition was disrupted by internal dissension, and one of the men was shot for insubordination. There was no unity, and the sailors, surly with their superior officers, deliberately concealed information which they had gathered from the natives. This is given as one explanation why Baines's data has never before been made public.

The only document of the Franklin expedition ever discovered was the record left by Leiutenant Gore, telling of Franklin's death and that the expedition intended to push on to Back's Great Fish River. This was found by Lieutenant Hobson, one of Captain McClintock's officers, in a cairn on Victory Point. Now Victory Point is the area in which Baines places the location of Franklin's grave.

Curiously enough Victory Point has never been explored in the summer time. The snow was there when Hobson and McClintock patrolled the island. There was snow in Hall's time. Under the snow much may be buried from sight. The Canadian expedition will go to King William Island when the snow has gone and the terrain is clear.

Major Lockie Burwash was on King William Island last winter, and has been there other years, but each time his patrols have been made in the winter time. Last winter he established his headquarters at Gjoa Haven, on the south-east coast, and thence travelled north to the magnetic Pole. His route, however, always lay along the east coast of King William Island, and Victory Point is on the north-west side. The Hudson's Bay Company's ship, *Fort James*, wintered on Boothia Peninsula, in Oscar Bay, last year, but that too is east of Victory Point.

At Gjoa, last winter, Major Burwash found two aged Eskimos who remembered a cache of stores put ashore from what was evidently one of Franklin's ships. Some years ago the Major obtained from Eskimos a piece of blue serge cloth which the British Admiralty later pronounced to be of the style and quality issued for British tars' uniforms at the time of the Franklin expedition. His own theory is that the ships got well down the west coast of King William Island and were abandoned. Franklin had died and been buried before this, quite possibly at Victory Point. Later mild weather came, and the ships had been set free. Boarding parties had been sent back, one to sail a ship down the east coast and one down the west coast, to rendezvous with the main party on the south coast. Both ships came to grief.

From Eskimo lore

(Cont. on p. 370)

WHEN THE SNOW HAS GONE: No official expedition has sought Franklin's grave after the snow has vanished from King William Land

AN ARCTIC OBSERVATORY: The snow igloo built by Major Burwash at Gjoa Haven. Major Burwash went north from here by dog team

ALADMEK: A descendant of the Eskimos who gave Dr. Rae much information

Lent by the Hon. Mrs. W. Levy

A FAMILY GROUP BY ZOFFANY: *Robert Drummond with his wife and seven children in the grounds of Cadland off Southampton Water. Robert was the brother of the founder of Drummond's Bank. A little boy holds a well-made golf club*

The Exhibition of pictures which Sir Philip Sassoon has gathered together in his stately home at 25, Park Lane, promises to be one of exceptional human interest, Sir Philip has spared no pains to present the pictures to the visitor in an attractive manner. He has had the whole of the great mirror ballroom covered in with a stretched canvas framework of appropriate colour, upon which the pictures are being exhibited. The pictures are what are known as "conversation pieces," entertaining human documents of the latter half of the eighteenth century and the opening years of the nineteenth. These "conversation pieces" usually contain some six or eight persons engaged in some domestic pursuit. The furniture, pictures, and dress are faithfully shown in canvas after canvas by such artists as Zoffany and Stubbs, whose works form the nucleus of the Exhibition.

Lent by The Earl of Normanton

A NOTABLE HOGARTH: *The Graham family, believed to be descendants of Robert B. Cunningham Graham. The trailer chair in the foreground is ornamented with a crave bird*

AN ADIEU BY ZOFFANY: *Captain J. A. Hervey takes leave of his family on his appointment to the command of a ship*

Lent by the Marquis of Bristol

Among those seen in this picture are Lord and Lady Mulgrave, Lady Hervey and (on right) *Mr. George and Lady Mary Fitzgerald*

C

The pick of E

ho N

On right—"TH MINUET": charming conv tional piece Zoffany. The spi player and flau are believed to the mother a father of the danc

Zoffany (1723-181 was a German portr painter who settled London and gradual grew in fame until h became R.A. in 176 He had a house Strand-on-the-Gree near Kew, and was friend of Sir Joshu Reynolds but neve appears to have desire to compete in st with the great Pre dent of the Ro Academy. He confin his energies to su works as are reprodu on these pages. T examples given h have been select from those little kno to the general pub and to the famil books of reproductio of British paintings.

nversation Pieces

Exhibition to be opened next week by the generosity of Sir Philip Sassoon at his No. 25, Park Lane, for the benefit of the Royal Northern Hospital

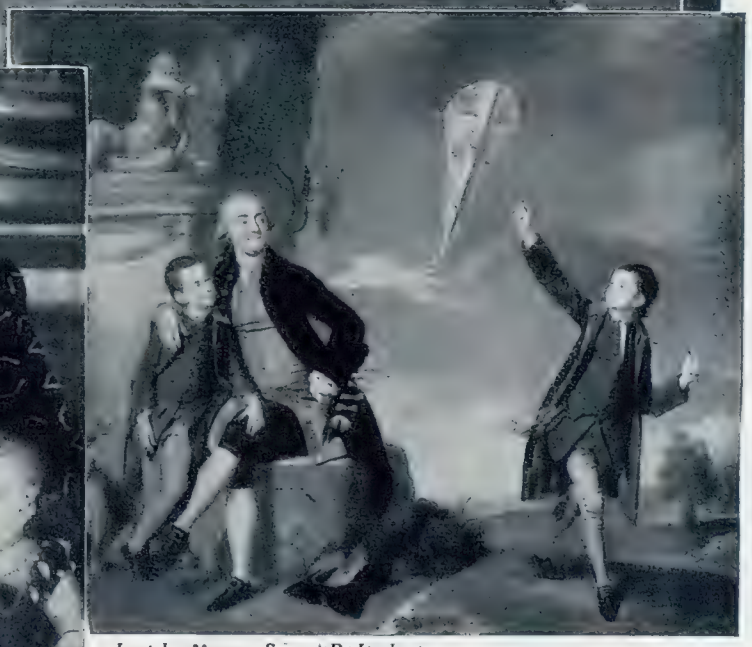
nt by the Corporation of Glasgow

n r.ght—A CANVAS BY STUBBS: *Lord and Lady Melbourne, Sir Ralph Milbanke, and Mr. John Milbanke*
Lent by Lady Desborough

Lent by Lord Bearstead
ONE OF A SET OF FOUR: *"Courtship," a pleasing canvas by Wheatley*

Lent by the Marquis of Bath

THE OLDEST PICTURE IN THE EXHIBITION: *A family group of William Brooke, 10th Baron Cobham, by Eworth. The canvas bears a date 1567*

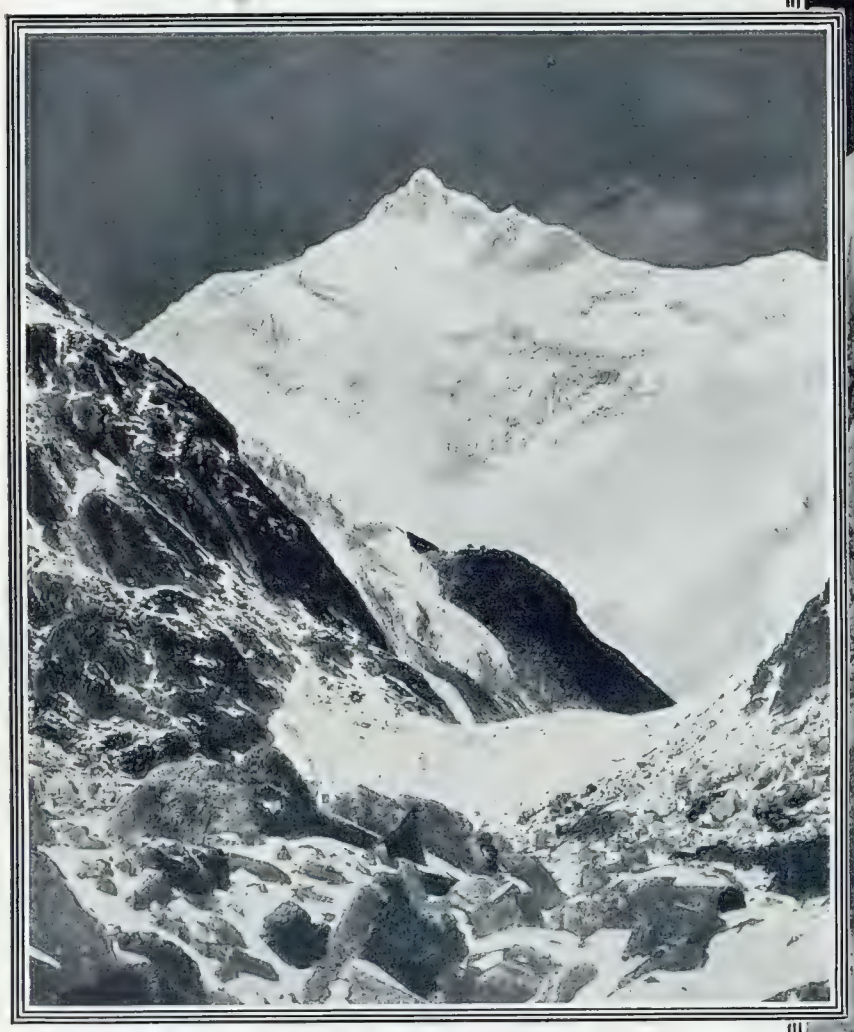


Lent by Messrs. S. and R. Herbert
BOY WITH KITE: *A Zoffany group, the nomenclature of the subjects of which has been lost*

Similar in technique are the family pieces of George Stubbs (1724-1806). Stubbs gained great notoriety as a painter of horses and animals, the human figures being introduced in association with animals as shown here. A great many of his works remain in private hands, and it is only on such an occasion as this that one can witness these delightful visions of the stately family life of England in the eighteenth century. The Exhibition also includes works of William Hogarth, the first British painter of distinction, Gainsborough, and Francis Wheatley (1747–1801), whose "Cries of London" have made him famous in many a household

The Inaccessible to be Challenged.

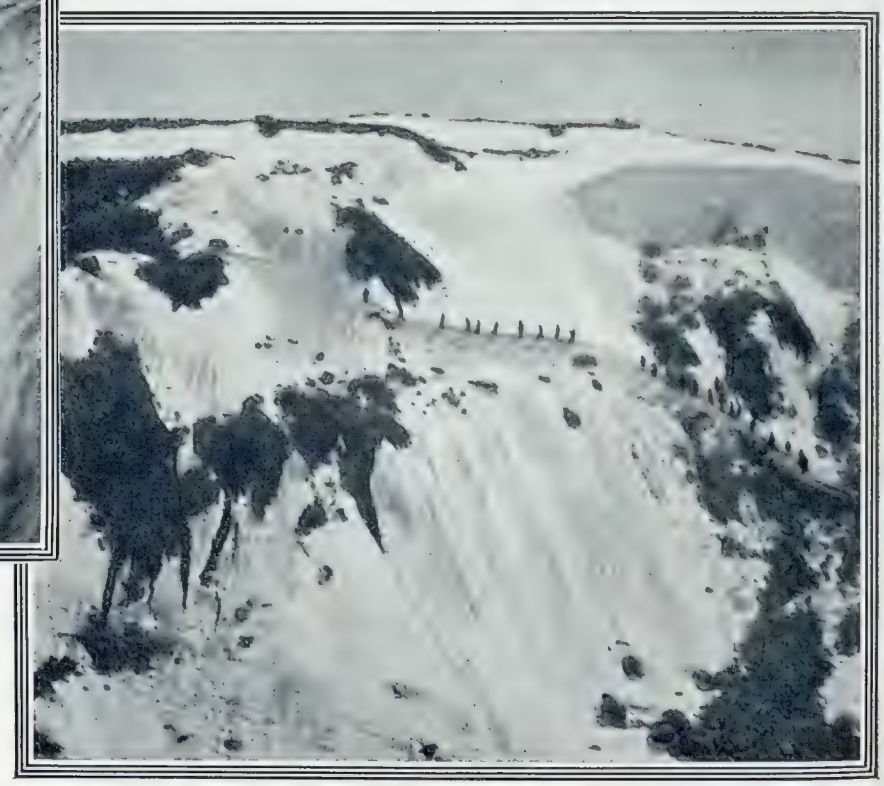
Striking Pictures of Kanchenjunga, the Second Highest Peak in the World



THE SOUTHERN WALL: The southern slopes of Kanchenjunga 28,150 ft. high, seen from the 16,430 ft. pass of the Guicha La eight miles away. The shattered glaciers at the base of this wall are 14,000 odd ft. high

"THE EMBODIMENT OF INACCESSIBILITY": Siniolchum, above the Zemu Glacier. Though 5,580 ft. lower than Kanchenjunga, it is even more impossible of approach. The knife-like ridges of ice are so thin that the sun can sometimes be seen shining through them

CROSSING A FALL OF ICE: Native bearers traverse a glacier in the Himalaya—the roof of the world



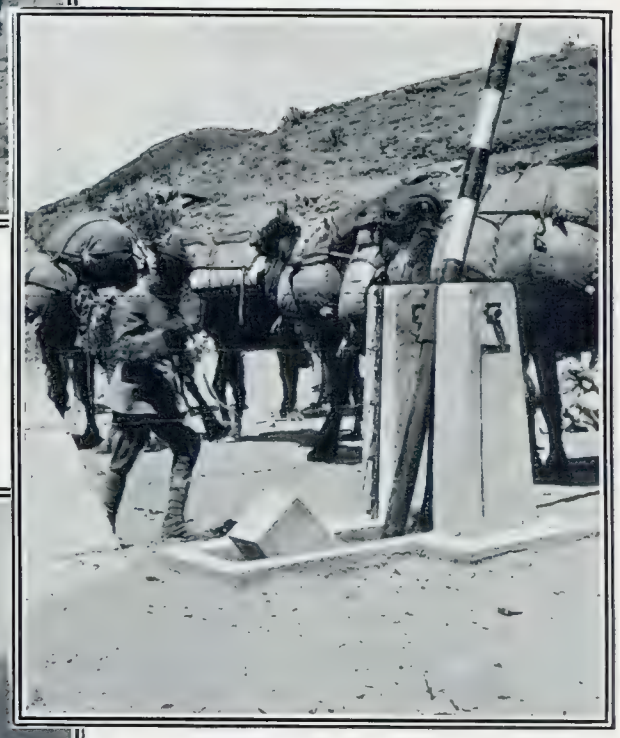
ASSAILING A RIVER OF ICE: A vivid picture showing how the bearers negotiate a glacier in the foot-hills of the Himalaya

A determined attack is to be made in the early summer to conquer Kanchenjunga, the second highest peak in the world, yielding pride of place by only 846 ft. to its Himalayan brother Mount Everest (29,002 ft.). The expedition will include Mr. F. S. Smythe, the British representative, to whom a dinner was given quite recently by the Alpine Ski Club. The leader is to be Professor G. O. Dyhrenfurth, who has been planning the expedition for twenty years. Another member is Herr M. Kurz. It is believed by competent judges, including Sir Martin Conway, that Kanchenjunga is even more difficult of access than Mount Everest, but the Expedition—a League of Nations in miniature—has assembled an organisation and an equipment calculated to give a shock even to the impregnable fastnesses of the gigantic mountain. The southern wall is impossible to assail owing to the presence of huge overhanging and ruined glaciers, but it is hoped that permission will be granted by the Government of Nepal to attack the mountain from the west. Sir Martin Conway remarked that after 20,000 ft. (four miles) up, the Expedition must inevitably have "a far from pleasant time," but he went on to say that the skill and determination of the Expedition might well force Kanchenjunga to yield.

LAND of CONTRASTS.

India—in the North a Fighting, in the South a Talking, Body Politic

THE TOLL POST OF TORKHAM OUSTED FROM THE SHINWARIS: A correspondent sends the above picture of the western end of the Khyber Pass just where Afghanistan meets the British controlled area of the Pass; the car in the foreground is in this area. In the middle distance is the striped pole barrier which opens and closes the Pass for caravan traffic. In the distance is the white blockhouse built by the Afghans for the purpose of collecting tolls on the caravans approaching the mouth of the Pass. A short while ago this blockhouse was seized by the Shinwaris, who enjoyed a brief spell of irregular gain by extracting tolls from the caravans (as they used to do in former days, before the British took over the Khyber Pass, and the toll-gathering procedure was subsequently more or less regularised by the Afghan Government). Later news states that the forces of the new ruler of Afghanistan have ousted the Shinwaris from this blockhouse, and that tolls are being collected in the usual way by the authorised Afghans



A QUESTION OF REVENUE: During the interregnum between the abdication of Amanullah and the resumption of ordered government by Nadir Khan, the levying of tolls on passing caravans—seen here at the "Chungi" or toll post at the frontier—passed back into the hands of the Shinwaris

BEARING THE PRODUCE OF THE EAST: One of the caravans which, twice a week, we allow to pass through the Khyber, carrying the carpets of Persia, the silks of Bokhara, and all the rarer produce of Central Asia to the markets of Peshawar. The camels of the caravan approaching the fort of Michni Khandao in the Pass, and accustomed to the loose sand of Afghan "roads," prefer the loose soil of the road-edge to the hard and unyielding metalled surface in the centre

RACIAL DIVERGENCE: The great differences which distinguish British from Indian politics are scarcely realized when the printed word alone is studied; the racial divergencies must be considered when searching for a true valuation

POLITICO-RELIGIOUS: In violent contrast to the virile conditions of the Frontier, jungle-surrounded Madras spends its mental energies in theosophical meetings which, under the guise of religion, easily lapses into contentious politics

India—a land of violent contrasts. India, as we have so often said, is not a corporate entity but a chaotic continent. On her borders we find virile nations in a constant condition of unstable equilibrium, where not only must the strong man dispossess the existing ruler—often by plain murder—if he wishes to reign in his stead, but must watch with eagle eye for the least sign of unrest or plot in his newly-acquired subjects. None but the strong man may rule. His is absolute dominion, and the voice of the people is mute in the land. Politics? Non-existent. Parliaments? A small concourse of greybeards to advise—tentatively and with every attitude of deprecatory self-effacement. Votes? No way of expressing the idea, even by circumlocution. Cross the Border into India and among the virile fighting races of the Punjab you may find a modicum of local autonomy—a certain glimmering of political freedom, rather looked down upon by the manly races who are bred in the thought that if a thing is worth having it is worth fighting for, and not to be the subject of endless talk. Pass on, down country, and as the numbers of the fighting stock grow thinner, so, and in exact measure, will you find politics taking a more leading part; the politically-minded lawyer-class multiplies; disappointed place-hunters, deprived of opportunity to live by their wits, grow disgruntled and vocal; the mob-orators of the bazaars grasp at a temporary influence and power by lavish promises to those who would have something for nothing. To our lasting shame—we British with memories of Nicholson, Edwardes, Havelock, Outram, all of them men of few words and mighty in action—have allowed the destinies of the tangled land to fall into the hands of the talker, and to our own imminent undoing.

STRANGE FRIENDSHIPS

An Inquiry into some odd Alliances

By AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS

I—George Romney and Emma Hart

REDOLENT OF ROMNEY: The staircase in the house in Hampstead once occupied by the great painter, now the home of Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis

The article appearing on this page is the first of a short series by Amabel Williams-Ellis and other hands dealing with the strange laws of the attraction, in friendship as in more intense relations, of tybes to the superficial observer violently antipathetic. Such associations as those between Lady Byron and Augusta Leigh, or the diffident George Romney with the Bohemian Emma Hart, prove fascinating studies in human psychology

It is said that you can judge a man by his friends. But how? Can we discover how a man is rich and morose by noting that all his friends are liverish millionaires? Or if all his friends are Tom Tits and Jenny Wrens will he too be timid, gay, and witty? If a third man lives in a circle of looking-glass men and women, who all day long show him his own face and character, is that a proof that he is self-centred?

A certain architect has a horror of responsibility. In spite of a line of professional successes it is difficult to make him accept a job unless he may act as "ghost" for some other architect who thus takes the credit for his work. What sort of friends will he have? If we see a distinguished person who has what Americans call a "Yes man" always at his elbow, will that fact tell us something about the distinguished person?

I know three men of various ages who prefer the company of venturesome children to any other, and a distinguished scientific worker who has a circle of intimate women friends. These women are all of a particular type. They are all intelligent, and some have considerable reputations as writers, lawyers, and the like. There is a certain rich, cultivated, and diffident young man who likes the atmosphere of politics but will not venture to write or speak. He likes his political friends to be men of iron, and has just joined the Communist Party in search of a really inflexible article.

What are all these people looking for? It would be curious to know what the bond was in some of the celebrated friendships of the past.

For instance, what (when all vanities and snobberies were stripped away) did Frederick the Great and Voltaire really see in each other? They were selfish and brilliant and cruel, and they hated each other, but there was some bond between them that defied time and distance. Perhaps they knew themselves for two giants in a world of pygmies.

Or take the case of George Romney the painter. George Romney was one of those people who remained unsatisfied by their own successes and virtues. He appeared to be shy and respectable, and very often he chose as his friends men who were just as modest. But all through his life he was nevertheless always drawn towards raffish people. Perhaps there was something in his own nature to which he could not somehow give vent. It almost seemed as if he needed someone to have his adventures for him.

When he was still a boy in the north, learning to be a cabinet-maker, his hero and closest friend was an alchemist who finally, when transmutation failed, left his town and fireside in a huff. George Romney never forgot him.

Then there was a young painter called Steele to whom Romney was apprenticed by his father. This young man was nicknamed "Count" Steele because he made so free and used to dress like a lord, and because he made his pupils do all the drudgery. Finally Steele, like the alchemist, ran away from the mess he had made, leaving his friends to clear up his affairs. His landlord, when he found Steele had gone, declared that everything in the studio was his in lieu of arrears of rent, and was thereupon beset by distressed young ladies, one claiming a scarf, another a petticoat, and a third a pair of slippers, property which they had somehow left at the studio. But Steele's shy and serious pupil, who had just married a respectable young woman in domestic service, could never quite share the general disapproval,

But the next time the wild spark in Romney looked out it perceived a fellow being who played the old game in an altogether superior manner.

It happened when Romney had come to London and was looked upon as a rising painter, the sort of man whom it was rather knowing to know and to praise. One day the fashionable Mr. Greville (who was very poor) conceived the idea that it would keep his lovely mistress, Emma Hart, amused if she sat to this Mr. Romney for a portrait.

Romney was by then already a connoisseur in female beauty. His journal of his tour in Italy is full of notes of the "firm limbs and light steps" of the women of this town, of the "columnar necks" of the women of that. Thus when Emma Hart stepped into his studio in Cavendish Square he was electrified. She had in a high degree what he had loved in the alchemist and in Steele, and beside that, she moved and stood like a goddess.

There seems to be little doubt that Emma was one of the loveliest young women of her time. There was besides a kind of docile boldness about her, a determination to live and be happy, and a frankness and an affectionateness that were irresistible to Romney with his diffidence and his melancholy. Her character indeed recalls the kindness, the spirit, and the insensibility of almost all great women of pleasure.

Romney was captivated. The sight of Emma Hart reassured him. She had no doubts, no melancholy; she knew that life was worth living and she meant to live it. And yet—and this made her human—she, too, must be supported, wafted along in her career by the invigorating breath of praise. Romney flattered her both with his eyes and with his pencil. He declared her beauty to the world and she loved him for it.

It seems almost certain, however, that Emma was too cautious to give him more than her sincere affection and a great many sittings. He helped her by painting her — broadcasting her beauty — and she helped him professionally as well as psychologically because she inspired him to all the softness and brilliance of which he was capable. George Romney cared for nothing so much in the world as for painting women and children, and here was the loveliest of women and the most accomplished of sitters, someone who could at his will assume every attitude, every turn of expression; who could be in succession a housemaid, a Bacchante, or a Cordelia. It was Romney who seems to have taught her the famous "attitudes."

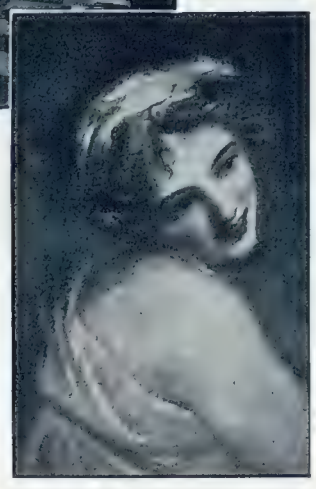
Later, when she was Sir William Hamilton's wife and Nelson's mistress, and (as she was convinced) a thoroughly respectable woman, it was with these attitudes that she delighted the Court of Naples. Altogether, including fair-sized sketches and big pictures, Romney was to paint her thirty times. But he never got used to Emma. He was always a little agitated by her; he always wondered whether she was less cordial to him on Friday than she had been on Tuesday, and was never able to bear, either from her or anyone else, "even a shadow of coldness."

Sir Joshua Reynolds, Romney's rival, was ready to paint his duchesses in their stiff, long-waisted bodices and big head-dresses, but Emma would take down her hair at command; Emma would wear loose drapery and roll her eyes. Gradually George Romney, showing his fashionable ladies a "Serena," a "Muse," or a "Contemplation," would persuade Lady Stormont how lovely she would look if she would sit to him in negligée, and point out how exquisite little Katherine Clavering would look *à la* Gréque. Gradually, with Rousseau and Marie Antoinette to help him, he changed the fashions, and all

(*Continued on p. 370*)

A PLACE OF ART — AND ARTISTS: The great studio in Romney's house in Hampstead — the scene of the great painter's failure and of the present owner's, Clough Williams-Ellis's success

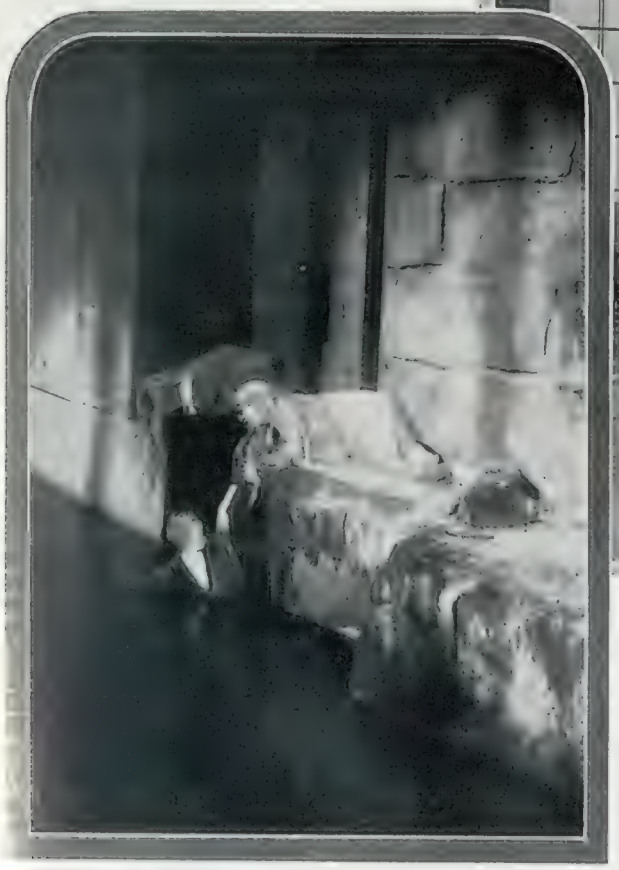
THE ARTIST: George Romney, a self-portrait, which reveals his wistful charm



THE SITTER: Lady Hamilton, who gave to Romney the raffishness he craved

THRILL and SKILL on the Silver Screen.

A Quintette of Stills from Five Notable New Talkies



ESCUE: A vivid scene from "Jalna la Double," the French film that has as its central atmospheric character the sinister figure of Abdul the Damned, Sultan of Turkey

TORYISM'S G.O.M.: Mr. George Arliss (who created the rôle on the stage) as "Dizzy" and Miss Joan Bennett as Lady Clarissa in the distinguished but historically inaccurate film, "Disraeli," now running at the Marble Arch Pavilion. The top right-hand picture shows one of the impressive settings in the film version of "Hadshi Murat," by Leo Tolstoi, retitled "The White Devil," starring Messrs. Fritz Alberti and Ivan Mosjukin. The scene shows the meeting between the Tsar and the Sultan

"A THRILL AS IS A THRILL": A scene actually taken in Switzerland in the British International Talkie, "The Compulsory Husband." Messrs. Clifford Heatherly and Monte Banks are seen above. *In centre*—A MAN DISTRAUGHT: M. Ivan Mosjukin in Pirandello's "Double Life," when the convent librarian determines to go out into the world after the death of his mother and child

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES: In the foreground is the Arab village of Tur Malkali; in the background the Government House

The Palestine Conflict.

The War of Rights Described

by Dr. EMIL LUDWIG: PART I.

JERUSALEM.

Nearly three years ago Thomas A. Edison asked me about the situation of the Jews in Palestine. I told him what little I knew, and alluded to the visible consanguinity of the Jews and the Arabs, who are descended from the same stock. He was silent a moment, then he smiled, pointed to the strawberries that stood before him, and said, "Of course they are brothers. So are the roses and the strawberries. But the strawberries have gone into business."

In this striking comparison we have the relationship and the antagonism of the two races; for what is taking place at present in the Holy Land is a conflict between kinsmen. Of what use is it to the Arab to be more handsome, more magnificently built, thin, with fine aristocratic hands and feet? What good does it do him to be numerically superior or to seek union in a pan-Arabian movement? For he is confronted by one of the cleverest of all races, a race which by virtue of its intelligence and tenacity has maintained itself better than any other during the last 2,000 years. These qualities, it is true, do not make men more handsome, but they make them more successful

Here is perhaps the only spot upon the globe where the rule of numbers—either of years or of population—does not apply. It is the international land par excellence. Palestine presents above all a moral problem, and hence it stands under the moral guardianship of the world. Having been recognised and guaranteed by fifty-two states when the League of Nations was founded, this principle ought never again to be questioned.

If one examine the problem simply on the basis of figures, one readily finds an apparent solution. Only 17 per cent. of the inhabitants are Jews, only 8 per cent. Christians; but since all these Christians, excepting about 10,000, are converted Arabs, 80 per cent. of the population may be classed, racially, as Arabs. Of the 15,000,000 Jews in the world only 1 per cent. live in Palestine. When one observes that only about 4 per cent. of all the Arabs live there, the reply is made that the 20,000,000 genuine Arabs live in or near compact communities, while 99 per cent. of the Jews are dispersed in many lands.

Yet here lies the answer to the riddle. The Jews, alone of all the peoples of the earth, are homeless, but have distinguished themselves in all countries as a sort of nomadic race. Though without a centre, without a government, and without arms, the power of these 15,000,000 is everywhere perceptible, and consequently has engendered jealousy and hatred. They are united by a culture which is closely linked with Christianity, and hence is of greater concern to half-a-billion people than all the treasures of Arabian wisdom. It was precisely for these reasons that, in this time of the new migration of peoples, it was decided to give back to this remarkable race a kind of centre such as it long ago lost. This action acquired a certain historical and symbolical grandeur from the fact that it was the British, those modern Romans, who righted the wrong done by their ancient predecessors, and determined to return to the Jews what was taken away from them so many centuries ago.

In one of the three promises given to the Arabs between 1916 and 1918 there is an ambiguous reference to a line running west from Damascus which might be interpreted either as giving Palestine to the Arabs or as excluding it from their territory. On the other hand, the Jews received the promise that they would be permitted to settle in Palestine under British protection but without prejudice to the rights of other peoples. When I asked the Mufti (the Muhammadan Cardinal of Jerusalem and the political leader of the Arabs living there) what Lord Balfour could have had in mind in making this double commitment, he replied, after a pause, "He had England in mind."

If it were the most fruitful section of Arabian territory that was involved, if this were a land really flowing with milk and honey, one could more readily understand the Arabs' resistance. But nothing flows here, not even water. It is a hard, stony country which can be developed only with the greatest effort and skill and the investment of huge sums of capital and the Arabs for centuries have neglected its development. With money and energy the Jews have accomplished more in a decade than the Turks and Arabs accomplished in all the years of their possession.

To the traveller in Palestine it is not necessary to point out the boundaries which separate the Jewish colonies from those of the Arabs. On the Jewish farms one sees the best Dutch cattle grazing, while big, clean pens are filled with chickens. In an agricultural school in the Emek Valley girls learn to plant and sow and apply fertilizer, studying theoretically in the evening what they have practised during the day. Vegetables are cultivated and the fields are efficiently ploughed with German or American machinery.

But a bit farther on, in the Arabian districts, you see the *fellah* following a primitive plough drawn by two buffaloes which turns the soil with a single wooden prong, slowly and laboriously, as in the time of Christ. Along the more fruitful coast the Jews cultivate beautiful orange orchards, as the old Christian colonies did. Saw-mills supply the boxes, and the magnificent Jaffa oranges, grape fruit, and bananas are grown, picked, packed, and shipped after the practical systems of other sub-tropical lands. At present 2,000,000 boxes a year, to the value of £500,000, an amount hitherto unheard of here, are shipped.

Years of study have shown that agriculture of the intensive type could not hold its own here. For if a hectare of land produces 600 kilograms of wheat, that is only one fourth of the corresponding German production and a still smaller fraction of that in Canada. Hence the colonists are more and more abandoning grain-growing and going in for intensive farming with the best methods.

Since such enterprises are not financed or imitated in a turn of the hand, is it not understandable that the Arabs look on angrily at the spectacle of others excelling them upon their soil? The individual, even a whole community, loses all sense of logic when it feels itself outstripped; and even the well-to-do Arabian, who now travels over the hills on excellent motor-roads, refuses to recognise that nearly all the money which by fits and starts has transformed this country in a decade has come from Jews who, from far overseas, look toward this coast and send here a part of their income or their inheritance—for purely moral reasons—because they are actuated by a feeling for an old, long-forgotten homeland which has somewhat suddenly reappeared. Nor does he take cognizance of the eucalyptus forests which have replaced swamps in the struggle against malaria; and when the *fellah*, his tenant, with the aid of two horses realizes £30 to the acre, it irritates him when the Jewish farmer gets £120 from the same amount of ground. So he expresses his feelings by denouncing the Jews.

"The Jews are dispossessing us!" he cries. For years this plaint has echoed in the Arabian press. But the Arabian landlord who long has lived luxuriously in Beirut or Alexandria upon the rents, as Russian princes and counts did in St. Petersburg and Paris, was not only willing but apparently very glad to sell his Palestine land at a high price to the Jew, who was the first buyer to come along in centuries. Moreover a system of tenancy and sub-tenancy deriving from Turkish times enthrals the poor *fellah* by means of loans at 30 per cent. interest. Such a *fellah* cannot be said to have been dispossessed by the Jews, but rather by his Arabian lord whose sale of the land left the former tenant homeless.

In order to avoid litigation, the Jews paid from £30 to £50 in cash to each Arabian tenant farmer who was dispossessed in this way, so that he could rent another piece of ground; for there are thousands of acres in the vicinity which lie fallow, waiting for the farmer, who, it is true, must have patience. Many farmers take advantage of this opportunity, selling half their land to Jews, buying cattle with the proceeds, and getting Jewish agriculturists to launch their enterprises for them on modern lines. Near Jaffa I saw small Arabian farms established in this way, and nowhere in Palestine was the rational influence of the Jews more palpable. They made me think of the similar measures taken by Baron von Stein about the year 1810, when the Prussian peasant gained his freedom.

When this is pointed out to the Arab he replies that it is not such a clever achievement because the Jews lose money, every settler costing them £1,000. But ten of the forty newly-established colonies are already self-supporting. Moreover, in the early years of the English colonies each new settler cost the State more than the sum mentioned.

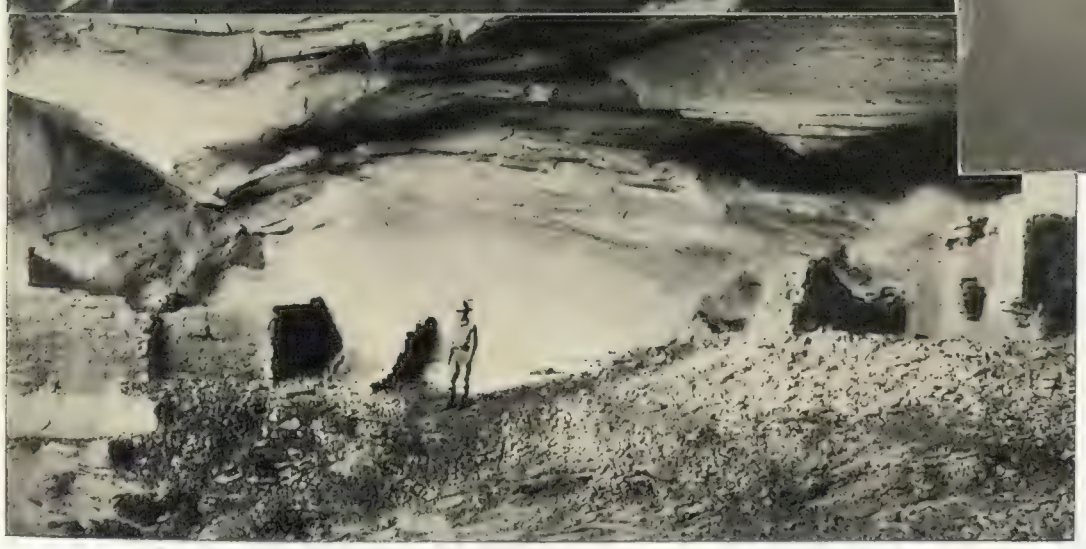
IN THE CENTRE OF ZIONIST PALESTINE: A curious sweetshop with signs in Hebrew and English in Tel Aviv

SECRETS of ANCIENT AMERICAN CULTURE REVEALED by AEROPLANE

Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh Discover Relics of Indian Cliff-Dwelling Culture in the Great South-West

Ewing Galloway

"TOWN IN THE SKY": *A view of the* pueblo *at Acoma, a town built on a high rock in the desert of New Mexico. The* pueblo *is a three-storey structure with ladders for stairs. It used to be an Indian stronghold in the old days and is still inhabited*



IN THE CANYON DEL MUERTO: *A cave of eighty rooms ornamented with pictographs.* Above —IN THE CANYON DE CHELLY: *The arrows point to cliff houses. These dwellings have never been visited by whites before Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh explored them from the sky*

Ewing Galloway

A BLOCK OF INDIAN FLATS: *Taos Pueblo, the largest Indian communal house of its kind. It is built of mud and houses* 200 *families, descendants of the cliff-dwellers of New Mexico. It is undoubtedly a very early example of the "set-back" style of architecture now so fashionable in America*

In an endeavour to develop new opportunities for the employment of the aeroplane and to show the extent of its usefulness in scientific work, Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh recently turned for a time to the field of archæological research. Their flights over the region of the Pueblos, in Arizona and New Mexico, have not only yielded a series of unusual photographs that will greatly aid scientists, but they have also shown new lines of approach to the study of the highly complex problems of aboriginal American history. After completing his preparations Colonel Lindbergh arrived over Pecos, New Mexico, circled the valley, and set down his Curtis Falcon in a small, grassy clearing among the cedars and pinyon on the ranch of Tex Austin. The place was none too large. In order to rise from it Colonel Lindbergh was compelled to keep the weight of his 'plane to the very minimum. He contrived therefore in his daily flights over the region to reach camp at a time when his petrol tanks were almost empty. For several days Pecos was used as a base. During the period flights were made in many directions, and typical areas throughout north-western New Mexico and north-eastern Arizona were covered. More than a hundred excellent photographs were taken. Although much has been accomplished in the south-west yet, as Colonel Lindbergh's photographs indicate, the region contains riches yet unknown.

(Continued on following page)

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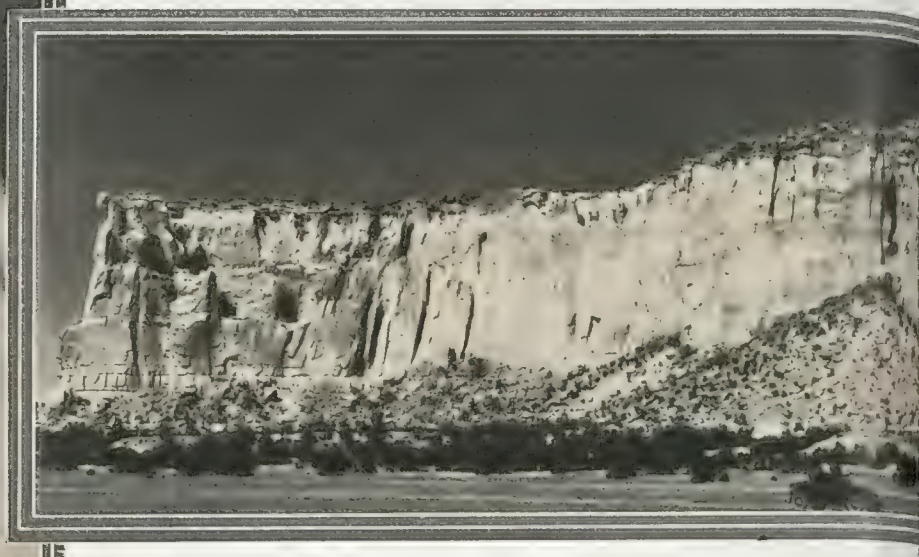
ACOMA, the VILLAGE i

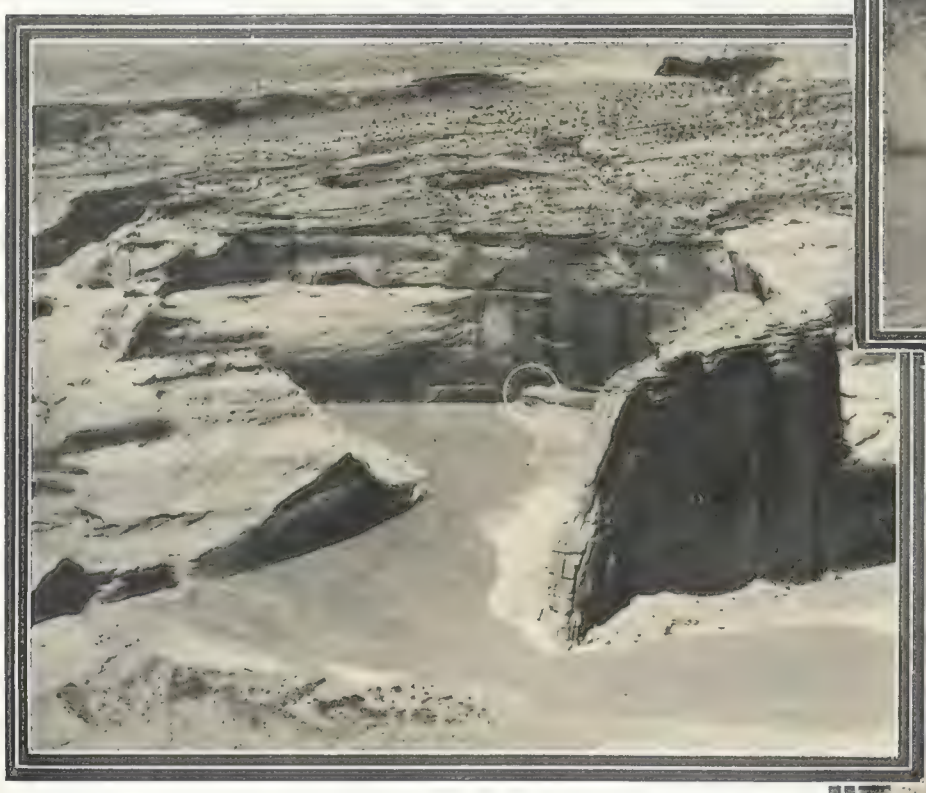
Striking Pictures of a Little-known Phenomenon in a Distr South-west of America Recently Aerially Explored by Colonel an

POTTERY FOR SALE: *An Indian squaw from Acoma, a village built on a high hill in New Mexico. The tourist is exploited in Acoma, as elsewhere. Having paid a dollar to climb the* pueblo, *he buys a number of examples of Indian ware, and has to bribe the natives to be photographed*



THE VILLAGE IN THE SKY: *The Acoma cliffs, on top of which is si Although originally constructed, despite its inconvenience, as a refuge from hostile danger is now long overpast, the natives prefer to undergo the discomfort of living effort of moving!*

AN ALMOST BIBLICAL SCENE: *An Indian woman from Acoma, the pu western New Mexico, fetches water from the pool in the crockery indigenous to the of the village are of mud, but the foundations are laid in rock. The massiveness be seen above.*



TAKEN FROM THE AIR: *An air view showing the location of the "White House" ruins in the Canyon de Chelly. The circle encloses the structures discovered by Colonel Lindbergh*

HARD BY THE ENCHANTED *MESA: A vista of Acoma, whose inhabitants hi the neighbouring plateau with the romantic name of the Enchanted Mes*

(Continued from preceding page)

On the flight over Canyon de Chelly, several hundred miles west of the Pecos Camp, Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh saw a number of small ruins perched high up among the cliffs under the rim rocks and so situated that apparently they could not be seen from the canyon bottom. Later, while circling the spot, they picked out a flat place on the *mesa* near by, landed and camped for the night. The next day they climbed the cliffs and examined the ruins which, so far as is known, have never before been visited by white people. The air survey to the south-west has demonstrated beyond question that aviation is able to render great service to archæology. The aeroplane enables the observer to cover in a few hours regions which would require months to explo animals. Then, too, the south-west ad by air because, as a result of Colonel checked in certain instances from the

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PEAKS THAT SMITE THE SKY: *A close-up of the Acoma cliffs. These huge boulders in the north-west of New Mexico are quite near the main line of the Santa Fe railroad. It is a striking commentary on the paradox of life to note the modernity of the great metal road with its iron steeds running through a district where the Indian population is completely unaffected by it*

Pictures by Ewing Galloway

THE ROCKY TRAIL: *A picture showing the rugged majesty of Nature in the approach to Acoma*

ruins are found to be clearly visible from above, and in some cases at least, they can be better observed from the air than from the ground. The man in the air can observe, much better than in any other way, topographical features near the ruins which must have affected in a vital way the life of the inhabitants. For example, some of the photographs taken by Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh show clearly the relation that existed in ancient times between water-supply, land available for farming, and easily defensible home sites, matters that are of great importance to scientists, as they try to picture the conditions under which prehistoric peoples lived. The pictures also show what happens when, for any reason, such as over-grazing, a region is robbed of its natural covering of plants. Tremendous floods pour down from the *mesas* without retardation, cutting the surface into gulleys or *arroyos*, washing away the surface soil, lowering the water table, and rendering arid and uninhabitable regions which formerly were only gently irrigated by periodical rains.

South Africa

A Summer Abroad

The month of April heralds the Winter in South Africa—a dry and bracing season of health, accompanied by sparkling days of sunshine and crisp clear nights on the invigorating High Veld situated at four to six thousand feet above sea level. At the lesser altitudes—in the Low Veld regions, and at Durban and the beautiful palm-fringed resorts on the Natal Coast—the Southern Winter brings in a succession of mild sunny days and cool nights.

The South African Winter, from April to September, is therefore the ideal season for visiting the great inland areas, including the Victoria Falls, the Matoppo Hills, the Game Reserves and National Parks of the Eastern Transvaal and the Drakensberg Mountains, and also the glorious resorts of the Indian Ocean on the Eastern Littoral.

Special sailings at reduced rates have been arranged by two of the leading Steamship Lines to leave Southampton on 30th May and 11th June, 1930. Bookings for these sailings, with complete inclusive tours in South Africa, are now being arranged.

Full particulars will be sent on request to :

THE DIRECTOR,
Publicity and Travel Bureau,
South Africa House,
Trafalgar Square,
London, W.C.2

and

The Leading Tourist Agencies.

GLENCOE'S *new* ROAD: *A Cold and Wintry Operation*

Specially Pictured for "The Sphere" when Snow was Mantling the Heights of the Neighbouring Deer Forests

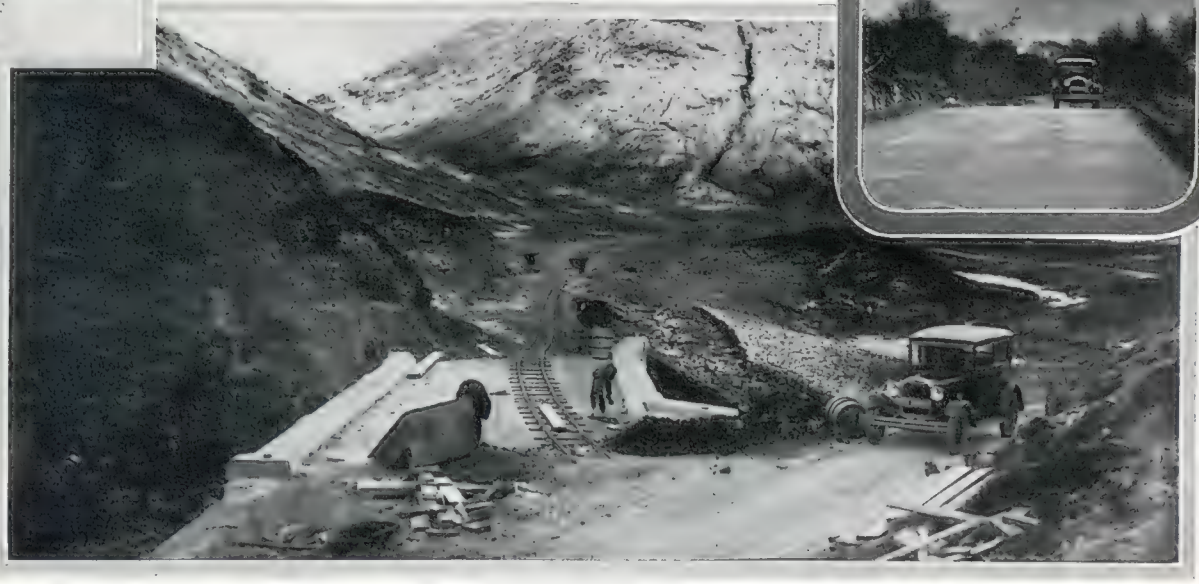
ONE REASON FOR THE NEW ROAD: The old way was oftentime filled with puddles caused by heavy summer touring vehicles

THE POINT OF DEMARCATION: A famous point known as The Study. Here the road crosses to the other side of the stream by means of a hairpin bend. The western end of the glen is redolent of one of the most evil memories in Scottish history, for it was here that the infamous massacre took place through the treachery of John Dalrymple, Earl of Stair, Lord Advocate and Secretary of State under William III

OLLOWING THE CURVES: The old road swept through the glen with close accordance to the general build of the valley

SOLID GRANITE: The new bridge over the streams in the famous glen at The Study. This view is taken right in the heart of Glencoe; the car in the middle distance is on the old road

PRELUDE TO ROAD-MAKING: Masses of rock have to be cut away to ensure easy gradients to the new road



DIVERGENCE: The old road and the new: The motor-car is seen on the old, bumpy, but unobtrusive road; the new way diverges to the left. Inset above—*THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF GLENCOE: The peak shown is known as the Pap of Glencoe. The view is taken approaching from Ballachulish*

Work has been steadily proceeding on the construction of the new highway through the pass of Glencoe, in North-western Scotland. This engineered highway forms part of a scheme which will penetrate various districts in the northern section of the country. Near the Bridge of Orchy one can see the new road under construction, and thence it passes northward and westward by way of Loch Tulla, across Rannoch Moor, to the mouth of the famous glen. This entrance is flanked by towering mountain masses which have during recent months been covered with snow. The new roadway is planned to take easy gradients, and does not follow the old natural swing of the existing roadway. Many lovers of natural beauty have feared that this new highway will rob the glen of much of the natural grace which characterised the old route.

MURDER and SUDDEN DEATH

"The Sphere's" Book Page

By JAMES LAVER

The Maurizius Case (George Allen and Unwin, 10s. net) is a mystery story. It is also a murder story and, in a measure, a detective story, but, being written by a German, and that German Jacob Wassermann, it is something slightly less and infinitely more. For Wassermann is an important figure in modern German literature, and in England his reputation has already been made with the publication of *The World's Illusion* and *The Triumph of Youth*. For him crime is not a neat little puzzle, a kind of superior crossword, but as it were a thunderbolt, cracking the world in two and revealing a cross-section of the human soul. It is an opportunity for sounding the depths of human personality and the occasion for some penetrating criticism of modern institutions. At moments it is almost a treatise on the philosophy of jurisprudence, but that too in Wassermann's hands is exciting enough. It is a serious book, but only the most superficial reader, having once taken it up, will be able to lay it down unread. Wassermann's chief merit as a novelist is the enormous size of his canvas and the vigour with which he covers it. *The Maurizius Case* is in every sense a big book.

The Class Reunion, by Franz Werfel (Jarrolds, 7s. 6d. net), is another translation from the German. (It seems a pity that in neither of these books is the translator mentioned.) It is curious that the story also should be, in some ways, so similar. An examining magistrate attends a reunion of those who have been in the same class with him at school. On the same day he subjects to preliminary examination a broken-down man who is accused of the murder of a prostitute. The man's name is Adler, and Adler was the name of a boy (not present at the reunion) who had been with him at school. The examining magistrate is constrained to spend a sleepless night rescuing from oblivion the true story of their relationship. It is a terrible history that is at last revealed, for he (the magistrate) was responsible for Adler's downfall. The theme sounds somewhat crude, but is handled by Werfel with great tenderness and insight. It is odd that two books should have appeared together both dealing with the case of a judge accused by his own conscience, and perhaps equally odd that both are very well worth reading.

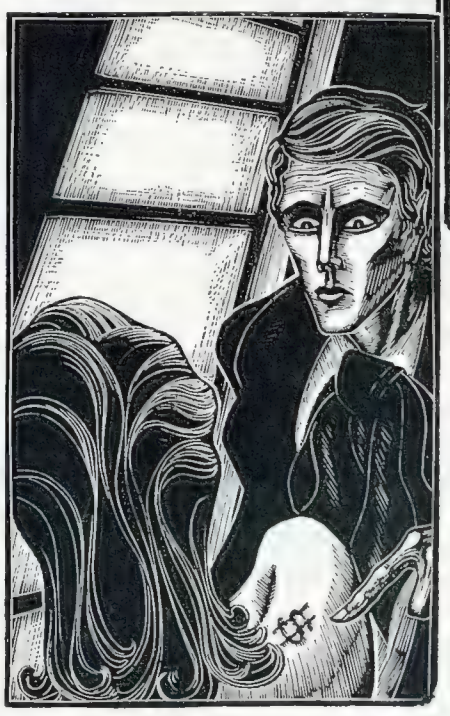
Wassermann illustrates one of his reflections by a reference to Gaspard (or Caspar) Hauser, the peasant who appeared in the streets of Nuremberg a hundred years ago, and was for a time accepted as the son of the Grand Duke of Baden. There is a perennial interest in such characters (Perkin Warbeck has been dealt with quite recently) and now appears a translation from the French of Octave Aubry's *Gaspard Hauser*.

Historical novels (for the book is called a novel and is such in form) have altered their character considerably during the last few years. The old rule was that anybody in a novel could be historical but the hero, and of course the heroine. That left the author free to invent his own plot, in which the historical characters made from time to time impressive but purely irrelevant appearances. Nowadays it is the fashion to take some definitely historical personage and embroider the background with as much fiction as necessary to make the tale acceptable. The new convention is as good as the old, but perhaps hardly more serviceable to the cause of historical truth. If M. Aubry has, as he claims, new evidence that Hauser was no impostor but the real heir to the crown of Baden, a plain straightforward narrative would have been preferable.

THE AUTHOR OF GALLION'S REACH: Mr. H. M. Tomlinson, who jumped into fame with that admirable novel, with his son

Historical novel-writers have only just discovered Germany. Queen Elizabeth, the Stuarts, Louis XIV, Napoleon, have all been somewhat overworked, but German history was, until recently virgin soil. After the success of *Jew Süss* it could not long remain so, and most modern historical novels seem to have a German setting. *The Rocklitz*, by George Preedy (The Bodley Head, 7s. 6d. net), the author of *General Crack* is no exception. It records the infatuation of the late seventeenth-century Elector of Saxony for Magdalena Sybilla, of the ancient family of Nieschutz. It is a grim story with a tragic close, a story of lust and treachery, of death by steel and poison, but the figure of the heroine stands out, not indeed as a saint, but as a pathetic and lovable figure.

As every book considered this week has dealt with murder, it seems appropriate to consider here a short novel dealing with the hereafter—*After*, by M. Saltoun (Duckworth. 5s. net). The hero of this too is a murderer, an explorer who has found it necessary to dispose of his companion in order to bring home the fruits of his research. He falls over a cliff and finds himself in hell, a hell of easy stages and many compartments, the last of which is the pit. The idea is well worked out. The denizens of the pleasanter parts of hell have chosen to sacrifice the spiritual for the material good, and can now enjoy as much material good as they like. Their chief enemy seems to be boredom, or rather something deeper—the knowledge that there is no longer anything to strive for, no chance any more of serving God. The book has a certain grim humour (there was no place for humour in any of the other volumes considered), and the implications of an existence in hell are very well worked out. Our forefathers, if they had not been outraged by its unconventionality, might have found it edifying, as indeed it is. A sincere little book, not too long to leave in the bedroom for the use of waking guests.



THE BRAND OF SHAME: Not the scarlet letter "A" of the adulteress, but the dollar mark of the harlot

Even now we have not yet finished with Death and the Devil. *God's Man*, by Lyn Ward (Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d. net) is an interesting experiment in novel-making. Not, be it noted, novel-writing, for it is not written at all. The whole story is told in woodcuts, and with a completeness which makes words unnecessary. The hero is a young artist who receives from the Devil a magic brush which enables him to paint masterpieces. He is rewarded by worldly success and by the amorous embraces of a beautiful model, on whose shoulder he is horrified to find the brand of shame. He flies, and has a taste of real love only to be interrupted by the Devil come to claim his forfeit. Something of the same sort has been done by the Flemish artist Frans Masereel, and the method obviously owes something to the cinema. Some of the figures, indeed, are very reminiscent of those in the film, *The Student of Prague*. As a collection of woodcuts *God's Man* is well worth a modest seven and sixpence. It is admirably produced, and may well be the forerunner of others of the same kind. But I hope this craze for pictures, moving and still, won't drive us all out of business.

A TOUCH OF HEAVEN FOR A MAN FOREDOOMED TO HELL: The artist awakes to the power of love. This and the picture on the left are two of the woodcuts that tell the story of "God's Man," the book without words, by Lynd Ward, reviewed on this page

Theodore Dreiser has produced a volume of short plays: *Plays, Natural and Supernatural* (Constable. 15s. net). One of the best deals with the sensations, or rather the visions, of a man under an anæsthetic. It is difficult to see how it could be produced on the stage. ("The earth weeps onward, the arc of its flight bisecting a series of astral planes"), but perhaps that was hardly the author's intention. *In the Dark* deals with a particularly gruesome murder, *with implications*. Mr. Dreiser has become a thoroughly metaphysical writer, the religious consciousness flowers above the hard pavements of New York streets and the clicking of electrical machines echoes the footsteps of the angels. He has become one of those writers whose development is itself a romance, and his last volume will not lessen the interest.

briefly recommended

From Chauffeur to Brigadier, by *Brigadier-General C. B. Baker Carr.* **(Benn. 21s. net.)**—The autobiography of one who developed the Machine-gun Corps and commanded the First Brigade of Tanks—a pioneer of modern mechanised warfare.

Red Tiger, by *Phillips Russell.* **(Hodder and Stoughton. 20s. net.)**—The adventures of the author and the illustrator, Leon Underwood, on the trail of the nineteenth-century traveller, John L. Stephens, through Guatemala, Chiapas, Tobasco, and Yucatan.

Life in the Pacific Fifty Years Ago, by *Alfred P. Maudslay.* **(Routledge. 10s. 6d. net.)**—Proconsul and archæologist, Mr. Maudslay draws a vivid picture of life in Australia, Fiji, New Zealand, and Samoa with chapters on Harrow, Cambridge, the West Indies, and Iceland.

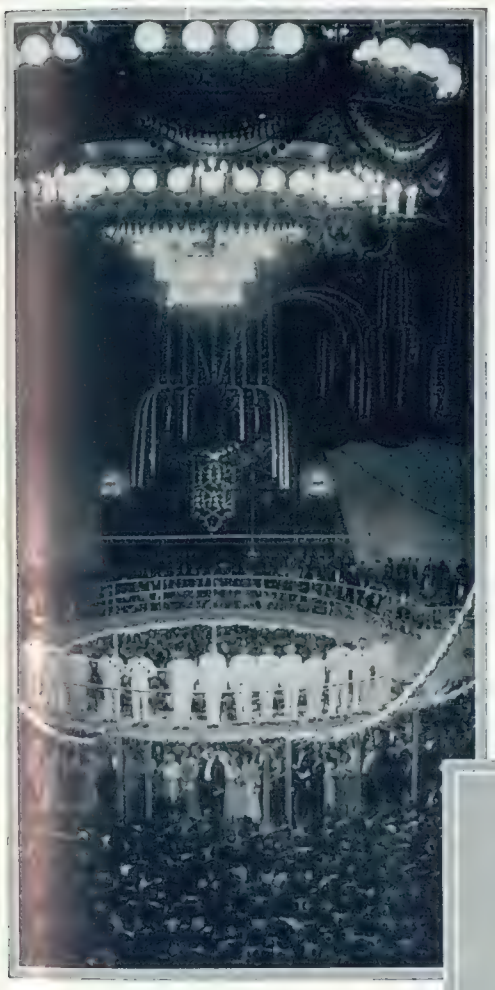
President Masaryk, by *C. J. C. Street.* **(Bles. 7s. 6d. net.)**—A true assessment of one of the most outstanding and influential figures in modern Europe. The son of a coachman, a professor, a fugitive, and the idol of his country, Masaryk is a man to know.

Twenty Thousand Miles in a Flying-Boat, by *Sir Alan Cobham.* **(Harrap. 10s. 6d. net.)**—The narrative of an historic event—the encircling of the African continent. An important chronicle and a rattling adventure story by Britain's ambassador of the air.

Chats on Old English Tobacco Jars, by *Reginald Myer.* **(Samson Low. 15s. net.)**—In addition to commending itself to all smokers, the book will appeal to those who appreciate antiques of every description, and especially to those fond of old lead work.

POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE: M. Doumergue walks past the Guard of Honour at the Saint Cyrian's Ball, held at the Hotel Continental

HOT AND COLD: A brazier set up to counteract a cold snap



A GATHERING OF CELEBRITIES: "Le Bal des Petits Lits Blancs" at the Opera

Above — PEEP-HOLE: The apartment, in Rue Miromesnil, of Napoleon III, now a modern shop

On left — DAUB'S FAIR: An annual Montmartre festival

PARIS IN WINTER

A Survey of many Facets of the Gay City

MODEL TO TWO ARTISTS: M. Mendez, the Spanish clown, sits to M. Poiret and Countess Zenaide Tolstoi, great-niece of the author

FRIENDS OF MAN

(Newly Pictured)

THE LAST OF THE KING'S CREAM HORSES: LADY RACHEL BYNG'S PRIZE ANGORA RABBITS: WINNERS IN THE BERLIN HORSE SHOW: A CARLOAD OF PUPS

CHAMPION OF THE BRITISH ISLES: Angelic Lord, the champion buck Angora rabbit—a distinguished denizen of Lady Rachel Byng's Angora wool farm near Windsor. Lady Rachel is a pioneer in this industry, and is teaching a number of pupils the secrets of successful and profitable breeding. She has 1,000 head of rabbits permanently in residence

THE WINNER OF THE CUP OF THE REPUBLIC: Lieutenant Sabla with Schwabensohn at the great Equestrian Tournament in Berlin

THE WINNER OF THE INTERNATIONAL CUP: Lieutenant von Nagel with Wotan at the tournament held in connection with the Agricultural Show in Berlin

"THE MAN WITH A LOAD OF MISCHIEF": West Highland terriers at the Elmslen Kennels, Steeple Morden, Herts, believe in taking a front seat when they are taken for a motor ride. These white-coated dogs are extremely popular

ICHABOD: From Royal coach to wagon has been the fate of this horse, Dick, the last of the cream steeds which were retired during the War. He may be seen every day at work in the Royal Park, Hampton Court. Dick, however, still retains all his equine dignity

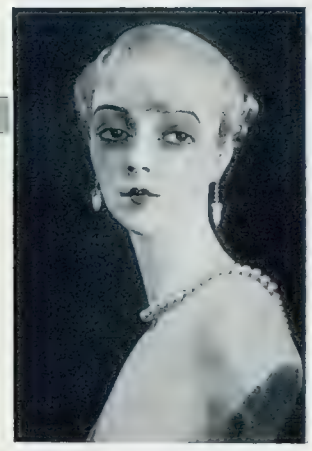
CLIPPING—NOT KILLING: One of the Angora rabbits at Lady Rachel Byng's farm—the first commercial rabbit-farm in the country—undergoing a clipping. *On right* is seen a couple of representative Angora rabbits—the silver fox on the left and the white on the right. Animal lovers must rejoice that the wearing of Angora fur does not entail the animal's death, as clipping is the method of collecting fur. An Angora rabbit produces 10 oz. per annum in four clippings

The WORLD of WOMEN

Edited by DIANA BOURBON

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE" INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

A FUTURIST MODEL: A modern necklace shown in Paris



BEAUTY IN WAX: An attractive mannequin from Vienna

editorial

CRANKS are so Vocal

The Voice of the Minority may be Mistaken for the Voice of the Majority

There is always a chance for some crank to raise his voice in loud denunciation of modern life. If it is not the sale of alcohol it is birth control; if not birth control, modern woman; if not modern woman, modern children, the decline of home life, dancing, Communism. And how loud the voices, how shrill the denunciation — how very vocal is that small percentage, "the cranks"!

The great bulk of men and women go plodding steadily on without finding it necessary to interfere in everybody else's business, without feeling divinely appointed to put the world right. Others may do things of which they disapprove, but that does not seem to them sufficient justification for rushing about, waving their arms and crying loudly, "Shame, shame"!

But the voice of the crank is loud in the land. Cranks write to the newspapers, voice their opinions with all the certainty of the simple and single-minded. There is one way to salvation, and only one—it is their way. It is the cranks who get laws made; the sort of laws that infuriate all sensible and quiet people. And they get them made because they are all reincarnations of the importunate widow, with Parliament in the unfortunate position of the unjust judge. They inflict upon a long-suffering world commissions of inquiry, committees, and other nosey-parkerish institutions. They incite municipal bodies to pry into people's houses, to interfere between husband and wife, mother and child.

It is because the average person is inclined to dismiss the angry and excited crank with indulgent pity instead of troubling to raise his own voice that the crank is eventually mistaken for the urgent voice of—Majority.

It is funny to read the letters which appear in the papers, funny and pitiful. If you read through the correspondence of a daily paper regularly, you will find a cure for every evil.

But still more a loud, continuous outcry against progress. The retrogressive minority are heard continually. And politicians mistake them for symptoms of average opinion. The voice of the anti-divorce fiend is heard in the land, and the divorce reformer only cries in the wilderness. The trouble is that he does not cry loudly and furiously enough; he does not take a tub and harangue; he reasons and is disregarded. He is not noticed in the babel of saviours of the world, who, firmly planted on their tubs, cry in loud, aggressive voices.

The chief characteristic of the vocal crank is bad manners. He gets there by dint of dispensing with politeness . . . and the trouble is that people with decent manners prefer not to deal with him! Good manners are excellent things, and very severe on the subject of scenes. The person who is willing to make a scene anywhere generally gets his or her way simply because other people positively blench at the idea. And this is unfortunate, because there are times when a scene is not only necessary but desirable . . . perhaps I should not say "scene," but "shrewd blow with an axe or hammer."

There is a great deal of psychology in knockabout comedy on the films. The reason why audiences rock with laughter when some character produces a mallet and knocks an obstreperous buffoon on the head is because every member of the audience instinctively sympathises with the holder of the mallet, instinctively realises that that is the only conclusive answer to some forms of vocalism!

Possibly the policy of minding one's own business can be carried too far. It is not, really, any business of mine if I see one man trying to throw another into a river, or even one man trying to throw himself in; but I should feel bound to interefere. On wide and general grounds, however, what right have I or anyone to force people to remain married who wish to be divorced, to force people to drink water who wish to drink beer, to force people to eat brown bread when they prefer to eat white? An opinion is one thing; using loud outcries to endeavour to enforce it is another.

In my opinion both Jix and Mussolini are cranks—and they are both very vocal people indeed. Now I shall not dare go to Italy; and I seem to have been rather vocal myself.

ROUTING OUT RHEUMATISM: A patient undergoing modern treatment at the new British Red Cross Society Clinic in Regent's Park opened by the Queen. There industrial workers may be treated out of hours

Conceits for the SICK-ROOM

Illness is Bad Enough: Why be Uncomfortable as well?

by D. Ward

Not a very cheerful subject, perhaps? —but one on which I, newly arisen from one, speak feelingly. And since all of us at some time or other have sickness in the house—patients scheduled for amateur nursing, if only for colds, slight exhaustion, or a sprained ankle—one worth considering too.

Have you ever thought how large a part psychology plays in treating illness —any sort of illness? That the reason why doctors always "exaggerate" the length of time necessary for a healing or a convalescence is in order to encourage you later with the unwonted and unaccustomed speed you are showing over it? That they have a purpose in assuring the atrociously cowardly, nervous patient, that she is behaving like a heroine?

Well, then, bring psychology into the sick-room itself, as well as into the treatment. Pretty things; things with an air of "belonging"—of permanence—are cheerful and encouraging: ugliness, obviously temporary makeshifts, is depressing. It is worth keeping a few cheery accessories in the remotest corner of the linen-cupboard against emergencies . . . even if, eventually, they only serve for occasional "days in bed," which incidentally, do everyone good occasionally, if we only realised it.

A gay, washable bedspread for daytime use, for example. Nothing is uglier—or more unpractical when there's a question of meal-trays—than unprotected blankets. And there is something *very* barren and hospital-like about covering them with a third clean sheet. Coloured cotton spreads —gaily-printed Indian ones (or a curtain if you can't find the spread you want) —are obtainable for so few shillings, and are not bad substitutes for the lovely embroidered shawls or silken coverlets that do duty in stage bedrooms.

A few white embroidered cushion-slips—or coloured crêpe de chine ones (like that illustrated in this section last week) are an investment—making the extra cushions that must be pressed into service for daytime sitting up in bed, sanitary, pretty, and safe from medicine spillings and other accidents.

Flowers are everyone's first thought with an invalid in the house, but no need to spend pounds on them. The cheapest flowers, like daffodils and marigolds, are the most effective, and remember that a few stems each in four or five small vases scattered all over the room are *infinitely* prettier, cheerier, and more striking than huge masses of expensive blooms crammed into one large vase. The latter brightens only one corner of the room. The former spreads colour and loveliness all over it.

And when you have invested in everything else you can *possibly* want, why not get just one thing more? A comfortable, well-made mahogany or walnut bed-table? Sunday mornings will prove its value even if you burst with health.

MASSEURS AND GYMNASTS: *A class in Westminster Hospital*

EDUCATION *of the* FUTURE

As it appears to a recent victim of the education of the present

By Godfrey Winn

The time has come for women to interfere and seriously cope with this problem of Their Son's Education.

For too long have they been content to listen meekly to their husbands' parrot orations. "A boy must have the nonsense knocked out of him. Realise that he is only a cog in a great machine. Learn the importance of good form. The necessity for the team spirit. . . . Look what happened in the War. . . . There is the triumph of the public school system. . . ."

GRAMMAR AND ZOOLOGY IN ONE: *A scene in the Montessori School, Berlin*

Surely that is a fallacy. (Yes, I *do* know about playing-fields and the Battle of Waterloo.) I should have thought that the War proved just the opposite; that it was *not* necessarily the young men who had spent the last five years playing rugger in a hailstorm who made either the best or the bravest soldiers. (Example, Robert Graves, who, in *Good-bye to all that*, has an illuminating chapter on the system.)

As for the team spirit and the importance of realising one is only a "cog," why is the fact entirely overlooked that the machine called school and the machine called Life are two widely divergent institutions. In Life it is very definitely *not* the team spirit which wins success in the end, but the spirit of individualism, initiative, the ability to make up one's mind quickly and for oneself, and *at all times to be in a position to stand alone*. Competition is so enormous to-day that the boy who is not an individualist, almost an opportunist, stands little chance. . . .

It seems to me that the whole tendency of the public school system in the past has been to turn out a stream of polite, charming nonentities. Well, backgrounds are necessary, of course, but surely not to that wholesale extent.

But even that would not matter so much if these young men had acquired at school the right kind of knowledge, some qualifications for earning their living afterwards. Actually, I think that about one in ten has; no more. The majority, after four or five years (sometimes more, if they go to the 'Varsity too) spent in a fools' paradise which has cost their parents anything up to a thousand pounds, start life with an earning capacity less than that of a waiter in a high class restaurant.

Some proceed to join their father's trade or business, where they have to start *at the bottom*. Others are apprenticed out (on the system of taking in each other's washing). And nearly all of them soon find, to their annoyance, if not acute embarrassment, that they are in subservient positions to young men, no older than themselves who received their education at the expense of the State. An education, incidentally, that was at least (for the State is a shrewd bargainer) *practical*.

Useless to try to deny that the system of education at most public schools is ridiculously antiquated, and not in the least degree practical. Osbert Sitwell, clearly one of the intellects of the day, confesses in *Who's Who* that he was self-educated in the holidays from Eton! (A school which is supposed to be far more enlightened than the majority.)

When I look back on the hours that I myself wasted over Latin Grammar, Greek syntax, and the Wars of Hannibal, when I might have been learning Modern History and languages—French, German, Italian—I feel tempted to try suing my school for intellectual damages!

A few weeks ago I crossed the Channel with a very young man who scattered, as the ship rocked in a depressing manner, pearls from his recently acquired gem storehouse. French phrases, for instance, like: *Cela va sans dire*. But, alas, it went without saying that when we arrived in Paris *I* had to give his porter all instructions about his luggage!

A boy should be taught book-keeping (particularly the difference between spending his own money and that of his parents); typewriting; and the intelligent use of the telephone. He should learn how to blend conscience with competition; good manners with self-assertion; how to play bridge as well as rugger; and how to dance instead of how to form fours.

He should also be taught the simpler elements of cooking, nursing, and house-running, so that he will know how to combine comfort with artistry in the home; and how to order food and wine. He should also be in a position, when the car or the electric current breaks down, to display a working knowledge of mechanics.

And lastly, if he wishes to be a *real* success in life he must realize from the very start that there are many other approaches to women than that of love!

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

ANTIQUE CORNER CUPBOARDS: *These, set near the bed can be turned to good account*

OLD *friends in* NEW *guise*

Antique furniture made for needs long since vanished may be adapted for modern use

By G. Baseden Butt

It is said that modern needs and customs must inevitably produce modern furniture; that the modern woman, so astoundingly different from her grandmother, will never be satisfied with her great-grandmother's household effects. Certainly the twentieth century has already created a certain limited quantity of highly original and distinguished furniture.

This, however, is all that can be said. The eighteenth-century craftsmen, working in their own peculiar modes, touched perfection; but not the greatest enthusiast would maintain that Modernism has yet achieved anything like ideal expression. For such an assertion would be equivalent to an interdict against progress. Modern furniture is not merely for to-day, but for to-morrow; and the future is incalculable.

Meanwhile the artistic glories of the past still throw their shadow, or their splendour, across the twentieth century. Even our finest modern buildings, such as the New Devonshire House erected only two years ago on the site of William Kent's old masterpiece facing the Green Park, bear witness to this truth, for the New Devonshire House, so entirely modern in construction and utility, is tricked out with classical detail, architectural and decorative, that represents a spiritual victory for the mansion that was demolished.

And so with furniture. We forget when we remark that modern needs are peculiar to the twentieth century, arising from unique conditions and from novel customs, that antique furniture may be greatly adaptable. It is true that new needs create new furniture—witness the cocktail cabinet or the wireless commode—but antiques

TELEPHONIC CAMOUFLAGE: *A* prie-dieu *for the directory; a* réliquaire *for the instrument*

SECTION—continued.

A MIXTURE OF PERIOD: *A XVII-century oak chest, an XVIII-century corner cupboard used in the hall Cromwellian pieces are used in the dining-room*

can, if need be, play the turncoat if by so doing they avoid enlistment in the army of the unemployed. Here is yet another human and endearing quality in furniture. Furniture was intended for work ; in changing circumstances it will struggle to retain its job, and if rejected from one position it turns up as candidate for another, rather like the discharged gardener who arrived a week later to sweep chimneys, or the unsuccessful poet in Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*, who ran a flourishing business as a pastrycook.

The eighteenth century powdering-stand or wig-stand is no longer a practical piece of furniture ; our houses no longer boast their powdering closet, for not the smartest *demi-monde* would be so lavish with her make-up as were the eighteenth-century gallants and their ladies. But the old powdering stand implores of you some other work. With its shallow bowl of Oriental porcelain it would represent itself as being suitable for the display of flowers.

And think of the seventeenth-century livery cupboard, that charming little cupboard of honest British oak, with its interior visible through rows of turned Jacobean balusters. In early Stuart days the livery cupboard would be hung from the wall in the farmhouse living-room or kitchen, and bread or perishable foodstuffs that were frequently required were kept in it. But nowadays we have a more hygienic pantry. We have our kitchen cabinets, our shelves of cool tiling, our refrigerators. The livery cupboard may no longer fulfil the purpose for which it was made. But the little cupboard says to you—or would do so could it speak—"Please do not forget me. If I may no longer guard your bread, take me, I pray, and hang me on the wall of lounge or living-room or study ; there will I render excellent service as a show-case for pieces of pottery, very small and choice."

In the dining-room of a Mayfair house of which a picture is reproduced a seventeenth-century Italian *madia* is used as a side-table. The *madia*, which was a kind of bigger cousin of the livery cupboard, was originally used for keeping a supply of long rolls of bread.

GET YOUR BRAIN *out of* CURL-PAPER

Wireless, bridge, and dancing, yield to conversation

By Diana Bourbon

CONVERSATION COMES INTO ITS OWN: *A scene from a recent production reminiscent of many Victorian evenings*

For the first time in upwards of fifteen years it is becoming "the thing," again, to sit through an evening without the assistance of bridge, private cinematography, or dancing. In other words, we have assisted at a social revolution. Conversation has returned to fashion.

For the first time in upwards of fifteen years—since the War set us forth on that feverish quest for amusement that was so often no amusement, in fact—one could no longer truthfully answer the question : "What do people talk about nowadays?" with a flippant, "They don't." Nor is it necessary for the possessor of a brain, who has been fortunate enough to dodge the dread label intelligentsia, to put it up carefully in curl-papers out of office hours.

Conversation—most charming of all social exercises—that threatened to become an extinct art, has suffered a revival that swamps us in a very *sea* of talk. Three thousand years hence, when they excavate a 1930 dinner-party from some modern equivalent of Pompeii, the diners will not be found in the attitudes of those listening to the wireless or the gramophone, but in the attitude of *those talking*.

What about? Does that matter, so long as it is *real* talk? *That* matters a lot, of course. Because (have you ever realised it?) it is only in conversation that most of us reveal, or for that matter even *find*, our real selves. Always supposing there is anything original to find.

Our actions are almost always cut-and-dried. You can rely on their conforming to a pattern prescribed by immemorial custom. . . . The pattern for behaviour of a man who finds a fellow-member of his club cheating at cards ; the pattern for a housewife whose cook has walked out on the afternoon before a dinner-party . . . and the rest. That is what we call being civilised ; in other words being "ladies and gentlemen." It is only in conversation that most of us can *afford* to be miscreants and savages . . . neither ladies, gentlemen, nor civilised—but ourselves. Which is why *I* say : welcome conversation and its most intriguing self-discoveries. Welcome that complete assurance against boredom that good, untrammelled talk, practically alone among civilised "amusements," always offers.

Thank heaven the dreary period of intimate association with strangers, represented by the talkless years, is at an end. So tiresome to be always grouped with people one never knew anything about! Never got any closer to! Because there was never time for anything but *doing*—and people of the same general class playing bridge, dancing, or going to a musical comedy are as much alike as peas out of the same pod. They may even have completely "to-be-let-furnished" minds, and conceal it successfully for months on end, where action is the only rule.

Of course most of our talk nowadays would completely scandalise our conversational forbears of before-the-War years. But isn't even that a little to the good, if we are to be honest about it? Our subjects are appalling. Admitted. Frankly. We talk entirely too much about money. That is the Age. We all of us have so little of it. Starving people, you know, are supposed, on the best authority, not only to talk, but to think almost exclusively about food. We talk too much about sex. Mere reaction—besides, better to let off steam talking. A little much about religion—and unrespectfully. But if that brings religion back the plane of earthy natural things it is to definitely to the good.

And we talk very little about Art and ethics and Beauty (with a capital B) ; all the so-nice subjects of the Past. *That* is chiefly because we have learned some wisdom, and if we must talk about subjects we know nothing whatever about, we prefer that they should be subjects nobody else knows anything about, either like life and human nature and politics and international finance. Whether it is the Peace or the Naval Conference, or just that funny slipping back from happiness that we call "Progress," I don't know. But suddenly there isn't anything left anywhere that is too far away to be worth bothering (i.e. talking) about. And hence thinking about, *making real*.

There is a tremendous revulsion, too—and this is splendid—against that attitude of Class indifference to the lives and problems of the Masses, that has provided the agitator with his reddest flag in the past. People, speaking collectively, hardly realize yet how completely those days are past. I went to a dinner-party not so long ago—a young dinner-party, too—at which everyone became so engrossed in talking housing that they completely forgot to follow up dinner with the theatre, for which tickets had been taken.

If there are still people "making a mess" of things in the old orthodox ways, it is at least not for want of frank handling of the facts in wordy encounters. Private conversation is coming to be run on much the same "safety-valve" principle that has long proved so successful at Marble Arch ; only, let us hope, a little more fruitfully.

AN ANTIQUE USED AS A SIDE-TABLE: *An old Italian* madia *in a Mayfair house decorated by Carlo Olivotti*

IN GOLDEN KID: *Mules of distinction, by the London Shoe Company, 116, New Bond Street, whose shoes are widely admired*

Inset above — DECORATIVE IN THE "EXTREME": *Products of the London Shoe Company, 116, New Bond Street*

On left—A FASHIONABLE MIXTURE: *Brown glace and water-snake*

On left—PRINTED VELVET *with gold kid bands, by the London Shoe Company*

POUR LE SPORT: *Calf and doe-skin. These shoes and those above are by H. and M. Rayne, 58, New Bond Street*

FASHION *steps into* NEW SHOES

Footgear by the London Shoe Co., H. and M. Rayne, N. Thierry, and Lilley & Skinner

PATENT AND REPTILE: *A smart pair of shoes, by Lilley and Skinner of Oxford Street*

GREY AND BROWN: *Snake-skin uppers and glace vamps, by Lilley and Skinner of Oxford Street*

BLACK AND WHITE: *An ultra chic design, by N. Thierry, 70, Regent Street*

On left—LIDO SANDALS: *Black leather for beach or boudoir, studded with* diamante *by N. Thierry, 70, Regent Street*

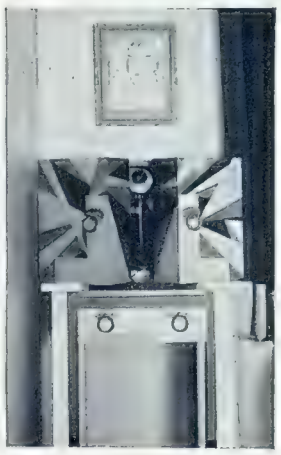
Pictures by Blake Studios

A PAINTED OCCASIONAL TABLE: *On this stands a painted telephone cut-out*

HOW *should we treat the* TELEPHONE?

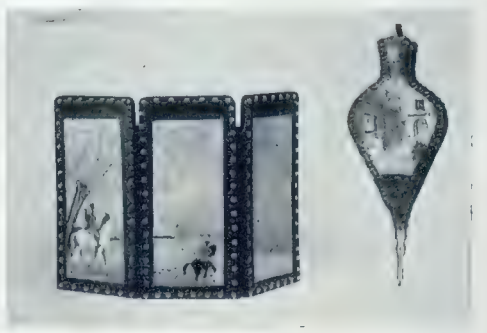
The only answer is to treat it kindly. You can at least disguise its ugliness—and in quite a number of ways. You may hide it in the figure of a voluminous Victorian doll, or, if your taste is Modernist, you may box it in a stalwart cabinet decorated on the outside with a jazz design in red, black, and silver to symbolise the thunder and lightning of the wrath it provokes. Or you may conceal it with decency and decorum behind one of the dainty little leather telephone screens, painted, embossed, or decorated with poker-work.

One of the prettiest notions is a miniature painted cut-out, such as a basket overflowing with flowers. There is a hole in the cut-out through which the mouthpiece is screwed into the telephone, and the result is distinctly pleasing.



On left — FOR THE HALL: *A telephone box in red, black, and silver*

Ideas for its decorative concealment



POKER-WORK: *Telephone screens and bellows are an attractive novelty*

GREAT DANES

by

Arthur Wardle

A Beautiful Full-colour Reproduction of this Original Picture will be forwarded on receipt of your name and address together with 3d. in stamps to cover postage and packing

JAMES BUCHANAN & Co. LTD.
26 HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

Of Outstanding Character

The name "Black & White" on a bottle of whisky is as absolute a guarantee as the hall-mark on silver. It assures that subtle difference in flavour and quality which distinguishes this whisky from all others. It guarantees that only the finest materials have been used and that always everywhere the quality is the same.

BUCHANAN'S

"BLACK & WHITE"

SCOTCH WHISKY

WORLD-RENOWNED FOR AGE AND QUALITY 821B

The SPHERE of TRAVEL

A Weekly Feature Devoted to the Interests of Travel at Home and Abroad

Edited by CRAWFURD PRICE

An Inexpensive Tour through PROVENCE

A BASTION OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY: The great turret outside the wall of the papal city of Avignon

A RELIC OF ROME: The theatre at Vaison where Roman and Gothic remains are jumbled together in a fascinating manner

A tour of Provence, planned with one eye on the calendar, must of necessity be merely superficial, and cannot be expected to do full justice to that intensely interesting land. To appreciate thoroughly the country which, centuries ago, inspired Petrarch and Dante, it is wise to narrow one's sphere of operations.

Let us, then, explore the valley of the Lower Rhône with its Roman and Medieval associations, for this corner of Provence is amazingly rich in legend and relics of past ages.

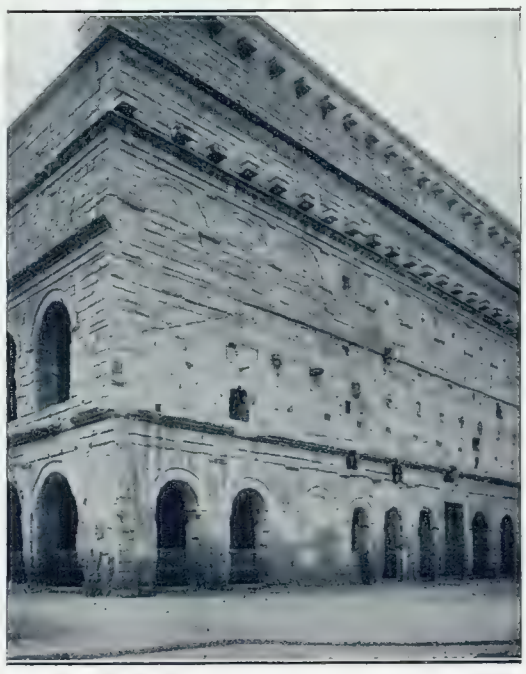
Orange, eleven hours by express train from Paris, is an admirable starting-place for this interesting little tour, which has the additional merits of being compact and wholly inexpensive. The very name Orange is inviting. It is a gay little town, with narrow, tortuous streets and tiny squares and gardens. The atmosphere of the East is here, where the bright-hued awnings of shops and cafés flash a vivid challenge to a sky of deepest blue. The "show place" of Orange is of course its Roman theatre—the most complete of any in existence. It has a magnificent stage wall of rich-coloured stone—described by Louis XIV as the finest wall in his kingdom—and a vast semi-circle of seats graduated up a natural incline. You can climb to the summit of the hill behind the theatre and find there the remains of the castle of the Princes of Orange, whose descendants became the Kings of England and Holland. From the hill-top there is a fine view of the theatre and the town at one's feet, and beyond, a superb panorama of the broad valley of the Rhône. On the edge of Orange stands a Roman triumphal arch built in commemoration of Julius Cæsar's victories.

An hour-and-a-half in a branch line train brings us to Vaison, a curious town on the River Ouveze. Its history is intriguing. On the right bank is a plain, surrounded by a semi-circle of hills and dotted with the remains of a Roman town, including a theatre, baths, streets, and crumbled houses. A second town was built here, of which exists an early Christian cathedral completed in the 12th century. Its interior is decorated with columns and marbles taken from the Roman buildings. There is also St. Quenin, a beautiful Romanesque church, long thought to be a Temple of Diana because of its likeness to the best periods of classic architecture. If you cross the Ouveze by the picturesque Roman bridge you will see before you an entire Gothic town. In the middle ages the people fled across the river from the plain and built this new town on the rocky slopes under the castle. Then, when the country became more peaceful, this Gothic town was, in turn, deserted, and the people returned across the river to the plain to build, largely with the stones of the first two towns, the Vaison which is lived in to-day.

The deserted Gothic town of Vaison, with its ruins of ramparts, belfry, and cathedral, its steep streets and crumbling old-world houses, is still dominated by the shadow of its castle and the lingering atmosphere of its epoch, in spite of an air of sadness peculiar to all neglected towns.

From Orange it is but an hour to Carpentras, through a countryside dotted with market gardens, olive groves, vineyards, and delightful farm-houses. This medieval town was formerly the capital of the Papal States and a great Jewish centre, and has only belonged to France since the days of the Revolution. As you enter by the Porte d'Orange, a fine fortified gate which is all that remains of the ramparts removed last century, you will find Carpentras, a small friendly town fallen from the rich grandeur of its past. Chief among its many interesting buildings is an ancient synagogue, with rich carvings and lamps, and complete with a bakery for the preparation of unleavened bread. There is also a subterranean pool where the brides-to-be took the ritual bath on their marriage eve.

Kindly nuns will show you over the hospital of Carpentras—Hôtel Dieu—where the pharmacy contains quaint blue and white earthenware pots and painted cupboards. In the delicately sculpted chapel is the tomb of its founder, Monseigneur d'Inguimbert, who was also responsible for the town's library, with its illuminated missals and rare editions.



THE "POINT DE DEPART": The facade of the Roman Theatre at Orange, the town from which to start the tour

Avignon is an hour's journey from Carpentras, and half-an-hour from Orange. The City of the Popes is too well-known to need description. The vast palace, gardens, churches, and the circle of ramparts, are world famous. This exquisite city is a place to linger in, not only for itself but also because of its accessibility as a touring centre. Arles, Nimes, Tarascon, Les Baux, St. Remy, the Pont du Gard, and the sparkling Fountain of Vaucluse are all within easy reach. There are hotels in Avignon to suit all pockets, theatres, cinemas, and the gayest of cafés.

At Villeneuve, across the Rhône suspension bridge, there is Le Prieuré, a charming old country house run as a *pension*. This is a place where one can rest and dream amid the beauty of its garden and creeper-clad ruins, its vineyard and olive grove. Villeneuve is itself full of interest. There are cardinals' palaces and a fine collegiate church to be seen, and the ruins of a beautiful Chartreuse monastery partly inhabited by artists and gipsies. On the hill between Villeneuve and the swirling brown waters of the Rhône flood are the towers and walls of the fort of St. André. At the river edge stands the Tour de Philippe-le-Bel, part of the bridgehead of the famous Pont St. Benezet.

Through trains from Calais to Avignon bring this absorbing valley within twenty hours of London. Return fares from London to Avignon are about £10 first class and £7 second class, and tickets are available for 45 days. Accommodation at most of the good hotels can be had at 10s. a day or under.

A GLORY OF NIMES: The Roman remains at this exquisite city of Provence should on no account be missed

WILLS'S
'GOLD FLAKE'
SATISFY

B.W. 291

The Petrol World

by A. Percy Bradley

THE DANGER OF MISLEADING REPORTS.—Although the Monte Carlo Rally is an event of the past, certain developments arising therefrom are so important that I feel I must comment on them. For many years this event has been run, and as time has gone on it has become more and more popular, particularly with British competitors. So far as I can judge its popularity will continue to increase and the event will rapidly assume classical International importance.

In the past much damage was done to the cause of motoring in this country through the lay Press reporting such events as the London to Exeter and London to Edinburgh trials as if they were road races. By dint of much continued effort on the part of the organisers and the competitors themselves, the daily and evening Press have been taught to regard these events in their true light. The cause of motoring on account of these distorted reports was definitely injured, and so it is up to all those who have the cause at heart to see that the tendency to misrepresent the real nature of the Monte Carlo Rally is stopped.

Unfortunately, and surprisingly, the trouble arises in this instance, not through the misplaced efforts of the Press, but by the foolish claims and actions of some of the British competitors. We have all seen advertisements in which it is claimed that certain British entrants in the Rally arrived first at Monte Carlo, as if this was something to be proud of and hailed as a deed of distinction.

NOT A RACE.—The rules of a well-organised rally such as that held annually at Monte Carlo are so framed that a competitor gains nothing from racing from point to point. It is therefore distinctly misleading to the public, who are not acquainted with the regulations, to proclaim that such and such a competitor arrived first at Monte Carlo, and even if such a claim could be substantiated, which is very doubtful, in the instance under review, it is not in any way a measure of success and is likely to give the public a totally wrong idea of the whole nature of the event.

The French organisers are, I know, extremely annoyed over this misplaced zeal on the part of certain British competitors, and for the sake of the good name of British sport it is to be sincerely hoped that on future occasions no such complaint will arise.

Then, again, several British competitors appear to think that the issue to them of an official Monte Carlo Rally number plate entitles them to disregard the laws of the land through which they are passing in their car. This is a very serious matter, and I hope that, if any instances of it occur next year, the French authorities and the ruling body of motoring in the country concerned will take very drastic steps with any offender against whom evidence can be obtained.

THE LATEST ALVIS PRODUCT.—One of the latest Silver Eagle Sports Alvis cars was recently placed at my disposal. The name Alvis immediately conjures up thoughts of a thoroughly efficient, nice running, speedy motor-car, and I can assure readers of THE SPHERE that the latest production of this type entirely lives up to that description. For many years now I have tested the current Alvis models, and I can honestly say that never before have I noted such genuine and general improvement as has taken place in the 1930 model which I recently drove. I have always criticised the Alvis car because there was continually

(Continued on following page)

Twin Stars of Broadway: Miss Anita Page, who captured the hearts of film-goers with her fine acting in "Broadway Melody," seen above with her Willys-Knight coupé Model 66 B. It may truly be said that Willys-Knight products are enjoying as much popularity as an importation into England as in their native United States

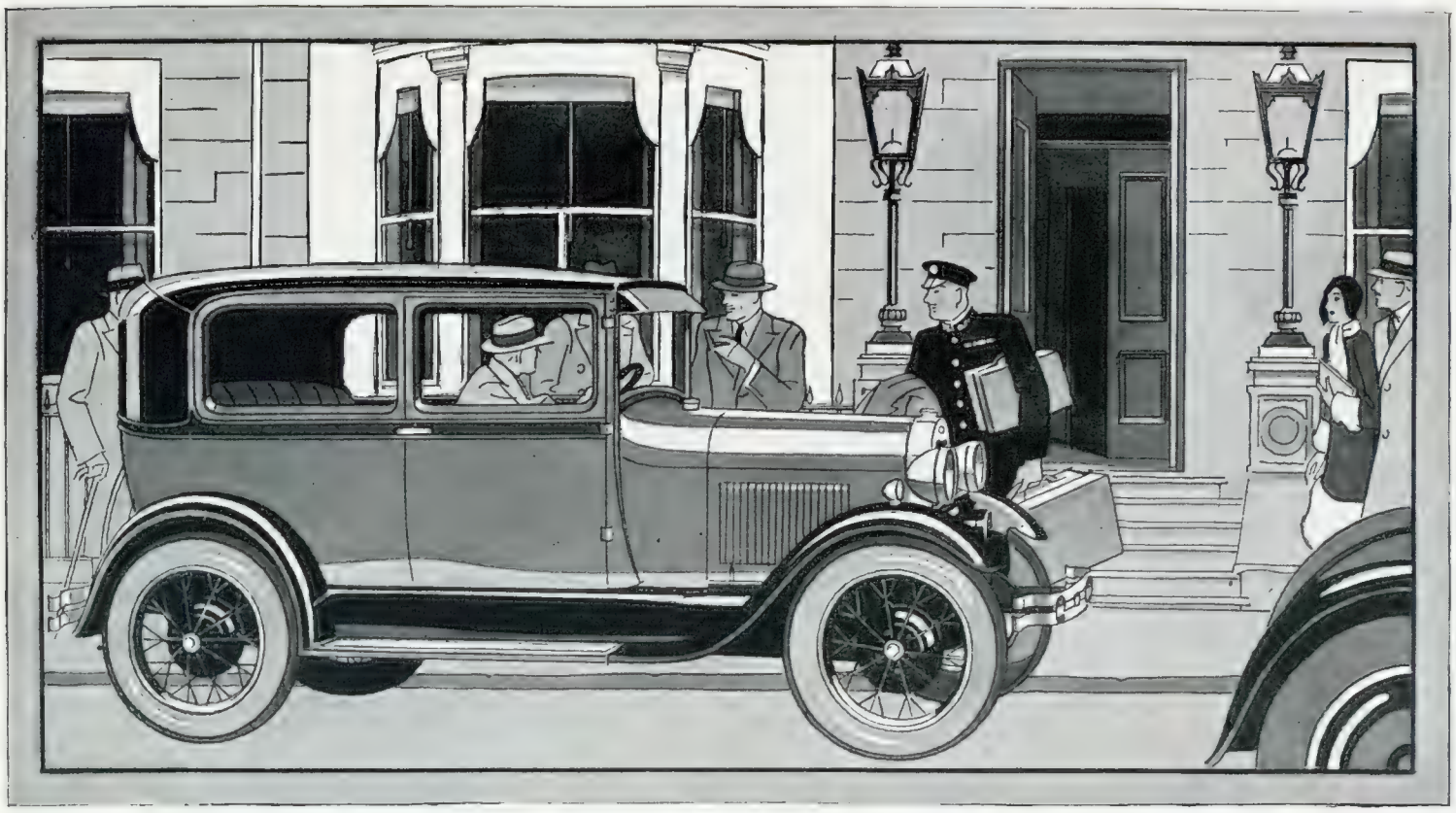
Conquerors of Two Spheres: The Imperial Airways liner, "City of Teheran," on her arrival at Delhi, this being the second liner to arrive after the inauguration of the extended air service from Karachi. In the foreground is a 16-h.p. Sunbeam, one of the fleet supplied for the use of Field-Marshal Sir William Birdwood, the Commander-in-Chief in India

not XL...
but CASTROL XL

When you ask for "XL" you expect to be given the famous CASTROL XL. But you are risking being given a cheap, inferior Oil. Moreover, you are charged at Castrol prices.
To protect yourself against this menace, you have only to emphasise CASTROL XL. It's well worth your while to take this slight extra care.

BUY CASTROL BY *NAME*.

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO. LTD., Wakefield House, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.2



THE FORD TUDOR SALOON

VALUE *far above the* PRICE

THE robust strength of the Ford car is derived from Ford engineering and from British materials manufactured in England by British workmen.

In designing the Ford car, expense was set aside as a criterion, as Ford methods had long since discovered how to level prices by means of Ford production.

With the handicap of expense removed, the Ford organization set about combining sturdiness, speed, comfort, safety and beauty in the Ford car.

New use of fine materials.

Although many of these qualities are obvious from a brief acquaintance with the car, others are produced from causes that are hidden from all but the microscope — as, for example, the uses of fine steel.

In 1905 the Ford organization made use of a new alloy that multiplied the tensile strength of steel by three. In the new car this development is carried further.

More than forty different kinds of steel are used, each for the part to which it can add new strength and durability.

For dependable long life.

This proper use of fine steel contributes to reliability on the road, to strength and safety at all speeds, and to long and useful life.

Such engineering policies carried throughout the car and the painstaking care to all details of comfort and economy give to the Ford car a value far above the price.

Ford Motor Company Limited is one of the leading industrial organizations in Great Britain and a large employer of skilled labour.

Plans were perfected in 1911 *to make the Ford car entirely in England. Progress has been continuous, and the present beautiful model is practically all made in England by British workmen.*

Demand for the Ford throughout the British Isles calls for larger production. At Dagenham, on the Thames, Europe's largest motor car works is now being built — the Ford works of the future. This modern plant is expected to employ 20,000 *men.*

There are Ford dealers throughout Britain, each a specialist in helping Ford owners to enjoy safe, dependable motoring over an increasing period of years.

FORD MOTOR CO. LIMITED
London & Manchester

LINCOLN *FORD* *FORDSON*

THE PETROL WORLD

(Continued from preceding page)

present a certain irritating hum emanating from the constant mesh pinions. In the latest edition the gear-box is as near perfect as one could hope to find, the irritating noise no longer exists, and the car runs sweetly on all the ratios.

ACCELERATION. — On lifting up the bonnet one is immediately impressed with the business-like appearance of the engine. Three very important-looking carburetters meet the eye on the near side. The engine is neat in design and fills the space under the bonnet in a satisfactory way. People without experience might tend to be frightened by the appearance of this power unit. They might imagine that the car was so fast and powerful that it would be almost unmanageable and certainly unfit for ordinary touring or traffic work. This 6-cylinder Silver Eagle Alvis, however, is as tractable as a lamb, in fact I might say that it definitely has a dual personality, being a perfectly good town or touring car and a fast sports chassis.

I have never yet driven another car that would speed along at 70 m.p.h. and that was fitted with such a pleasant and smooth-running engine. I ill-treated it purposely on hills, refused to change down when going slowly through traffic, yet never on one occasion did the engine knock or pink. That result with what I might call a sports engine is, I think, unique. Its acceleration, when acceleration was desired, was colossal, and on Brooklands track the speedometer reached a maximum of 72 m.p.h. The car holds the road well; the steering could scarcely be bettered, and the suspension for a fast car was excellent.

RETARDATION. — After long thought and after conducting a number of experiments I am unable to find any point on which to level adverse criticism except as regards the brakes. Brakes, unfortunately for many manufacturers, are my particular *bête noir*. In my own way I keep hammering away at particularly the British maker to devote more time to brakes, and I am afraid that in the case of this Alvis I would prefer to have greater powers of retardation. The car I drive myself has brakes which inspire me with confidence, and I am able to get from point to point—although the car is nothing but an ordinary touring model—in far quicker time than with many other cars whose maximum speed exceeds that of mine by 20 m.p.h. This result is due entirely to the efficiency of my brakes. The car manufacturer does not appear to appreciate that a chassis of a car capable of 55 m.p.h. with brakes suitable for a car capable of 80 m.p.h. is actually faster than a chassis of 80 m.p.h. with brakes only suitable for a car of 55 m.p.h.; in other words, a super-efficient engine is almost an unusable luxury unless its opposite number —the brakes—have the same degree of efficiency. I do not wish to imply that the brakes of this Alvis are hopeless or in any way likely to cause trouble. They are definitely good so far as the average set of brakes to-day are concerned, and my criticism is only prompted by the fact that I know better brakes can be produced. I would not have mentioned it perhaps unless the other features had been so much better than the average. As I said before, I have them on my own car, and there is no earthly reason why other cars should not be similarly equipped.

I think, too, that the Alvis would be definitely improved, not only in appearance but as regards the actual results, if the chassis was brought lower to the ground. I have devoted rather a lot of space to these criticisms, but I can assure those interested that they will have to go a long way before they can find a pleasanter, a more silent, or a sweeter-running car than this Silver Eagle Sports Alvis.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA'S LEADER

(Continued from p. 338)

The events of the Russian Revolution demanded Masaryk's presence in Russia, where a formidable fighting force of Czecho-Slovaks was already assembled. He therefore left for that country, travelling under a passport specially prepared for him by Scotland Yard, in which he was described as Thomas Marsden, a British citizen. Almost immediately he arrived in Russia he was faced with the Bolshevist Revolution and the consequent problem of the disposal of the Czecho-Slovak Legion. He had determined that it should fight side by side with the Allies in France, but if it were to do so it would have to travel half round the world, first marching through Siberia to Vladivostok, and then returning by sea to Europe. The march to Vladivostok actually took place in the teeth of unremitting hostility on the part of the Bolsheviks, a feat which must take its place as perhaps the most amazing operation of the whole War.

Masaryk, leaving his troops to follow him, proceeded by the Trans-Siberian Railway to Japan and thence to America, where he set himself to arousing sympathy for the Czecho-Slovak cause. It was while he was in America that the Allies, entirely as the result of his efforts, recognized Czecho-Slovak independence. The War came to an end, and the Czecho-Slovak Republic was proclaimed, Masaryk being unanimously elected President by the National Committee.

The Czecho-Slovaks, for centuries an oppressed nation, had little or no experience of practical government, and everything had to be organised from the beginning upon democratic lines. A bloodless revolution had taken place, and the administration had been taken over without difficulty from the former Austrian officials. But all the acute and dangerous difficulties of reconstruction lay ahead, and there were but few men fitted to cope with them. Masaryk, a man nearing seventy, set to work with all his old energy to guide his people through their difficulties.

The measure of his success is the present prosperity and peacefulness of Czecho-Slovakia. To-day, at the age of eighty, he is still the source to which the country instinctively looks for its direction. He is without question the best-informed man in Europe. His thirst for knowledge is still insatiable; somehow, in the midst of his official duties he finds time to keep abreast of every modern development and trend of thought. He is an ardent reader, following the literature of every country in its own tongue, his expressed preference being for the works of English writers. His activity is not merely mental but physical as well. Practically every day he rides at least for an hour, having a seat on a horse which might be envied by men twenty years his junior. He delights in conversation with all and sundry, prepared to discuss the events of his own stormy career, but preferring to examine the point of view of his companion of the moment.

Warwick Wright Says

WHAT CONSTITUTES A 1930 CAR!

STUTZ incorporated its features four years ago.

The double-dropped frame, with ultra low centre of gravity, Stutz had in 1926. Be not deceived by squashed-down bodywork. It does not imply a low weighted car—only lack of headroom. The straight-eight-in-line engine, with overhead camshaft, Stutz brought this out in 1926.

Safety Glass as standard—1926.

Side bumper steel running boards integral with the frame. This real safety feature Stutz brought out—1926.

Worm drive making for a low built transmission line. It comes from Stutz 1926—and since.

Four speed gearbox with silent-third, . . . Stutz features, 1928. "No-back"—without which no car is up-to-date. Stutz had it 1929.

All these points are best shown in the Stutz—which originated them and has learnt all about them by experience.

Stutz will be consistently the car of the future.

All these great points are in the STUTZ and the BLACK HAWK.

150 NEW BOND ST. W. 1. (Mayfair 2904)

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CRUISES

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"ARANDORA STAR"

CRUISE this Spring in the glorious sunshine of the romantic places of the Mediterranean.

March 14. 27 days. To Spain, Corsica, Italy, Malta, Aegean Sea, Haifa (for Jerusalem), Cairo, Algeria.

April 12. 24 days. To Spain, Portugal, Tunis, Constantinople, Greece, Italy, Aegean Sea.

May 7. 22 days. To Morocco, Sicily, Dalmatia, Venice, Algeria.

May 31. 17 days. To Tangier, Morocco, Canary Islands, Madeira, Spain.

June 18. 14 days. To Gibraltar, Tangier, Spain, Balearic Islands.

No liner in the world has more luxurious public rooms or such large and well-appointed State Rooms throughout.

The restful sun decks away from games; popular gymnasium; spacious games decks. Charming Ballroom, Open-air Swimming Pool, Louis XIV Restaurant, &c.

Early reservations, including for Norway and Northern Capitals in summer, secure the choice of accommodation.

THE BLUE STAR LINE

3, Lower Regent St., London, S.W.1 (Gerrard 5671)

LIVERPOOL: 10, Water Street And principal Tourist Agents

66

Gentlemen-

. . . . . and in conclusion, this new Ambassador Hat, which I have been honoured to represent, has been introduced at the appropriate time when male attire is seeking to revive amongst all classes, that consciousness of appearance which has always been the characteristic of the English gentleman."

The Ambassador Hat has been moulded to a range of new styles designed to give the distinction of smart appearance to every type of face and build.

The finest fur felt, dyed to a popular range of unobtrusive colours, and lined for lasting comfort and convenience, gives to this Battersby Hat a texture and quality unapproached.

Ask any good Hatter to assist you in choosing the right "Ambassador" to suit you.

Actual Makers:
BATTERSBY & CO., LTD., London and Stockport.

HATTERS SINCE 1865

The **Battersby**

Ambassador

HAT

The distinction you can afford

M.B.

WOOLLANDS
KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

Specialists in Practical Attire for Young Ladies and Growing Girls

Small Boy's COAT of summer-weight tweed, stitched collar and cuffs of plain colour.

PRICE **69/6** for size 18 ins.
Stocked in blue, yellow and green.

HAT of same tweed, **31/6**

Little Girl's COAT of tiny patterned summer tweed. Strips of plain cloth are inserted in the coat and trim the collar and cuffs and pocket.

PRICE for 18 ins.,

6½ Gns.

Rising 7/6 each size.

Stock colour: yellow. Can be made to order in blue, green and red.

HAT to match,

52/6

Girl's smartly cut COAT, trimmed dull silk collar and cuffs edged with two tones of Russia Braid.

PRICE for 22 ins.,

89/6

HAT of fine straw. The becoming brim is trimmed with small rouleaux of contrasting shades.

PRICE

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A New Search for FRANKLIN'S GRAVE.

By THOMAS WAYLING

(Continued from p. 343)

Major Burwash heard that the ship which travelled down the east coast stranded. The Eskimos later boarded her, took off everything loose, chopped a hole in the side of the ship to let in the light—but chopped below the water-line and the ship sank.

The Eskimos, coming later and finding a cache of provisions, broke it open. They devoured the canned meats and used the wooden boxes to make arrows. The flour puzzled them. They could not identify its use. Finally, deciding it was white man's snow, they threw it by handfulls gleefully into the air for the wind to swirl it away.

While the Canadian Government intends to verify the Baines story at the first opportunity, it is unlikely that a special expedition will be sent to King William Island. It is possible to fly to King William Island from Fort Churchill or Baker Lake, but last winter two 'planes with eight mining men got themselves lost in this region and the whole country was upset for two months. The discovery of the missing men and the dangerous flying which had to be done has deterred all the authorities from unnecessary flights into the north except where human life is at stake.

Captain Hall never returned from his expedition into the Arctic. He died in Thank God Bay, and the command of his expedition devolved upon the sailing-master, an old whaling skipper. Dissensions cropped up and the following summer the *Polaris* started for home. She was beset by the ice and drifted helplessly down Smith Sound into Baffin's Bay. She was squeezed, her timbers cracked, and she was crippled. Abandonment was under way when she broke clear, leaving Captain Tyson, the assistant navigator, nine men of the crew and nine Eskimos (including three women and a baby), on the ice. Fortunately they had provisions, and eking this out with seal and bear meat they kept alive in the long trial which followed. They built and lived in igloos while the ice, 100 yards by 75 yards, drifted all that long interminable winter past Baffin's Bay and Davis Strait. The floe gradually crumbled away as it travelled south, and on April 1 the party had to take to the remaining boat. They were eventually picked up by the English sealer, *Tigress*, having drifted 1,500 miles in 196 days. The *Polaris*, leaking badly, had weathered the storm, but was beached on Lyttleton Island. Friendly Eskimos provided for the crew, who spent the winter making boats, in which they embarked the following June, setting out to make for the Danish settlements in Greenland. They were picked up by the Dundee whaler *Ravenscraig* in Melville Bay, transferred to the whaler *Arctic*, returned to Dundee, and finally sent back to New York. Baines travelled westward in the States and settled in Seattle, whence he again took to the northern seas and reached Alaska, where he now is.

STRANGE FRIENDSHIPS.

By AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS

(Continued from p. 348)

the ladies turned to simple white gowns with scarves and *fichous*, to blue sashes and to the "broad-leaved hats" or "Pamela caps" in which Romney painted his women.

In and out of Romney's house in Cavendish Square passed fashionable sitters. Emma had gone to Naples, but she still wrote affectionately to him; she told him how she had been received at the French Court, and how the "Queen of Naples had shown her all sorts of kind and affectionate attentions."

But Romney, like so many English painters (G. F. Watts, for instance), had never been content with the portraiture in which he excelled. Somebody had established a Shakespeare Gallery. There was a movement on foot to do the same by Milton, or else to publish a big illustrated *Paradise Lost*. Romney began to plan enormous allegorical canvases. There was no room at Cavendish Square for "Adam with the Angel," for "The Flood and Opening of the Ark," or for an enormous picture, "Where Satan is the Hero." So in 1797 Romney planned and raised at Hampstead what Cunningham calls a "strange new studio and dwelling-house." Some friends tried to make him consult an architect. He did so, but soon rejected his helper's "timid ideas and professionalism." Finally, after a year of superintendence the place was ready, and cartloads of his great unfinished canvases were moved to "an odd, whimsical structure, in which there was nothing like domestic accommodation."

For a while Romney was happy at Hampstead, setting up his easels and arranging his studio and pictures. "But the old demon of nervous dejection had waited for the moment of apparent satisfaction and opening glory to stoop once more on his prey." He had moved too late. The grandiose ideas had been a symptom of failing powers. He hesitated a while, "brush in hand on Hampstead Hill." He could not paint; his huge blank canvases stared reproachfully at him from the corners of his splendid painting-room, but when he tried to throw some notion into form, his head swam, and his hand trembled.

At last he gave up the struggle, and at sixty-five remembered the wife that he had left as a young man. He went back to her, and she nursed him till he died. But if he had lived? Would he have had to seek out the wild spark again? I cannot believe that he could have stood the company of his prig of a son for long. Was there something in this sensitive, easily-abashed nature that would have made it certain that somewhere, somehow, he would have found an alchemist, a "Count," or a Bacchante, again? He could have found them, for there are gipsies, thank heaven, on every heath, and perhaps something compelled Romney, something that was expressed in his very name, to seek them out.

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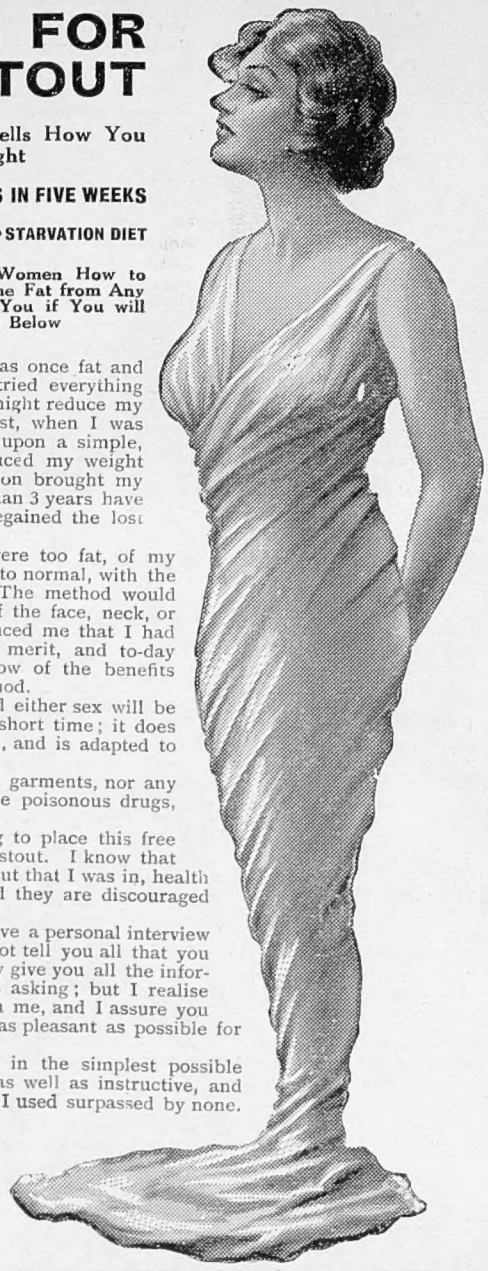

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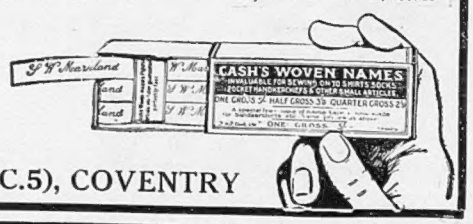

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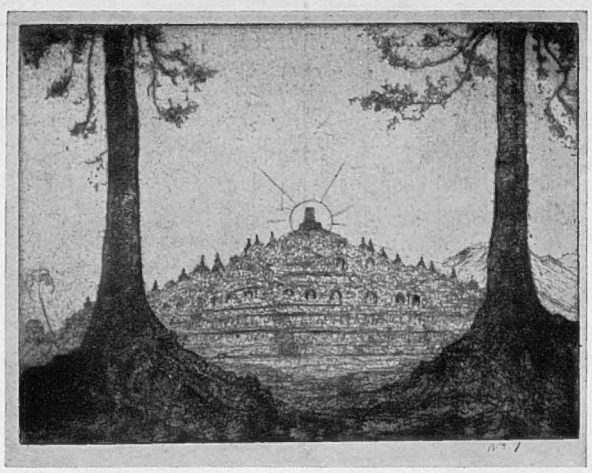
CIGARETTE STAMPS

One of the most fascinating things about stamp collecting is the sudden jump which sometimes occurs in the value of certain stamps. Specimens, seemingly quite common, will leap into the category of rare almost overnight, with a correspondingly spectacular increase in their cash value. Actually, all stamps tend to increase in value the longer they are kept. No matter how undistinguished a collection may be considered, it is safe to predict that within twenty or thirty years its value will have increased enormously. And if the collection is a large one this increase in value may easily represent quite a considerable sum of money. A vast collection of Colonial and Foreign stamps is now being distributed by Messrs. Carreras, Ltd., who are enclosing two stamps with each packet of ten Turf cigarettes. Even those who are not interested in stamps as stamps might do worse than collect as many as they can of these, and save them as a sort of heirloom nest-egg.

A GLORIOUS PRODUCTION

One of the most charming books of etchings published for a long time is *Borobudur*—a portfolio of six etchings specially printed on a specially chosen Japanese Torinoko paper. They are the work of Mr. Jan Poortenaar, a Dutch etcher of distinction, who has taken the colonies of his country as his particular field of endeavour. The delicacy of Mr. Poortenaar's work, its exquisitely atmospheric touch, are the great features of his technique. The Foreword to this charming volume, published under the ægis of Luzac and Co., is written by Mr. Laurence Binyon; the Introduction by Dr. N. J. Krom, Professor of Javanese Archæology in the University of Leyden. In addition to the 200-copy edition there is an edition *de luxe* of twelve copies in parchment. The portfolio is 12 in. by 15 in.; the etchings 6 in. by 8 in.



BOROBUDUR: One of the exquisite etchings by Mr. Jan Poortenaar of the eighth-century monument of Hindu-Javanese architecture that forms a central sanctuary of Buddhism

A GRAMOPHONE SENSATION

The first concert performance of Constant Lambert's *The Rio Grande* at the Queen's Hall, in December last created a furore no less startling than the music itself. It is the work of one of the youngest and most revolutionary of our English composers—Mr. Lambert is only twenty-four—and is the first example of a serious and perfectly natural use of jazz technique in a choral work. It is significant that the Hallé Orchestra, with Sir Hamilton Harty as soloist and the composer himself conducting, should perpetuate on Columbia the amazing triumph they achieved at the Queen's Hall. The co-operation of these equally notable musicians with the St. Michael's Singers in the vocal parts have produced recording results that are staggering in their massive realism. The work is founded on a poem of the same name by Sacheverell Sitwell, and it may be said at once that to any who will read the poem, the music will open itself out as if it were unfolding a picture. The music is in every sense sentimental, fabulously rich in tone colour, exciting in its syncopated rhythms, ingeniously bold in the method of scoring. Fifteen varieties of percussion in the hands of five executants, eight brass players, strings, and solo pianoforte are employed, apart from the choral section, which forms an integral part of the music itself—filling in the atmospheric background of the colossal canvas. The music represents, as does the poem, the teeming life and many races of a great tropical port. The title of the work has actually a greater Spanish bearing in the poem than in the music. Sir Hamilton Harty throws himself with enthusiasm into his part as a pianoforte soloist. His long passage in Part 2 is distinguished for the wonderful runs up and down in atonality, the roll in the bass, with the melody in the treble, which is later followed by the orchestra tearing in as though the whole force of an ocean were being pitted against the shore. Part 3 brings in the whole body of voices, piano, and orchestra in a kind of vehement jubilation, and the picture blazes into incredible colour. There is a quaint beating-out-the-rhythm by xylophone. Contrary to expectations, the last notes are given out by glockenspiel, softly, as though we were viewing the whole kaleidoscope from far off in a boat. *The Rio Grande* is a new and individual modern expression in music, and on the strength of its wealth of interest and splendour alone will acquire many instant devotees. It is on two 12-in. light blue records, and the recording in the Central Hall, Westminster, has provided a work of unusual beauty and realism.

FROM SAIL TO STEAM

An exhibition which will interest all who follow the progress in the development of ocean-going vessels is to be seen at the West-end office of the Orient Line, 14, Cockspur Street. This exhibition takes the form of a delightful series of old prints and water-colours by famous artists, among them Mr. W. L. Wylie and Mr. Norman Wilkinson, and illustrate various stages of progress in the means of communication between England and Australia. It is a far cry from the old sailing-vessels of 1853 to the oil-burning floating palaces of to-day. Even the vessels of twenty years ago seem quaint in comparison with, for example, the S.S. *Orontes*, one of the new 20,000-ton ships of the Orient Line. The speeding up of Empire communication is graphically shown in this exhibition.

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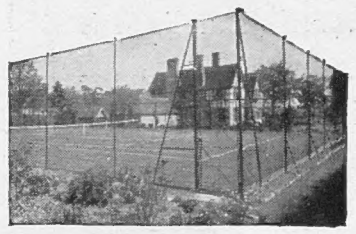
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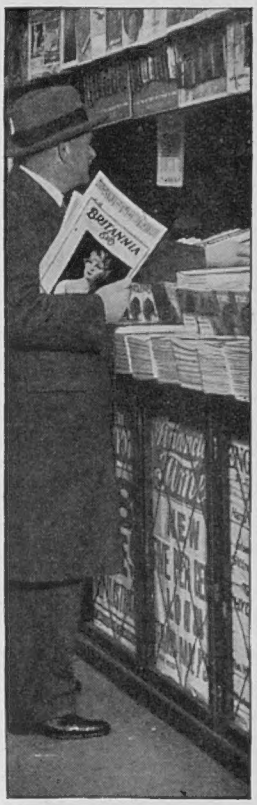

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"HOLLYWOOD . . . FROM THE INSIDE" by Leslie Fenton
"GOODBYE TO ALL THOSE" by Beverley Nichols
"MODERN NOVELS AND THEIR CRITICS" by Lord Birkenhead
"TOUTING" by May Edginton
"WE OF THIS ISLAND" by Cosmo Hamilton
"THE REST OF THE WORLD" by Diana Bourbon
"MEIN SCHATZ" by Geoffrey Moss
"WHEN THE DEAD RIDE" by Armine von Tempski
"WHAT MAKES A PLAY SUCCEED" by Ruth Teazle
"FRENCH, GERMAN AND DANISH NOVELS—AND AN ENGLISH ONE" by Arnold Palmer
"ENGLISH MANNER AND AMERICAN MATTER" by Sydney Tremayne
"I BELIEVED . . . IN HEAVEN AND HELL" by The Rt. Hon. Sir William Bull
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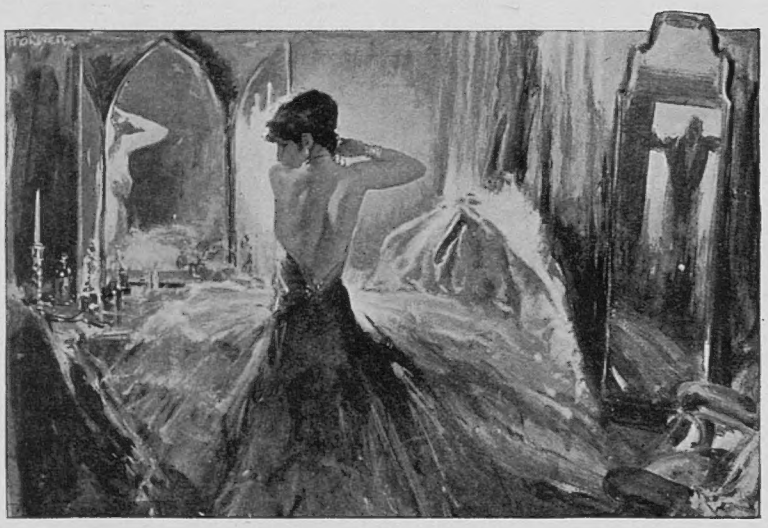

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